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THE ECONOMIC FUTURE OF THE NEW SOUTH.

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IT has required a quarter of a century to show us how great was the influence of slavery in repressing the development of the Southern States of this Union. It was not a difficult matter for the economist to give many reasons to support the position that a servile state of the laboring class was inimical to the best interests of the population, but it is now evident that few if any of the critics of slavery had attained to an adequate conception of the magnitude of the repressing influences of that institution. It was almost as effective in keeping the commercial motives of our time away from the South, as the barrier which ages of systematic isolation had drawn around Japan. While men, it is true, found no difficulty in forming the arbitrary line which separated the two sections of the country, there was no real intermingling of spirit. The people of the North and South were centuries apart in all save the outward guise of culture.

For awhile after the Civil War, the troubles of that time of social overturning, misnamed the reconstruction period, threatened to reduce the conquered States to anarchy; but the civilizing instincts of the population swiftly brought order out of a chaos which with any other race would have endured for generations. Then began the true reconstruction which is now in such a marvellous way rebuilding from the shattered fragments of southern society, great States of the modern type. This process of rehabilitation has been singularly favored by the commercial spirit which characterizes the northern people. It is the habit of many idealists to condemn the business motives which so influence the conduct of men in our generation, but it is easy to see that the spirit of trade has proved in

this instance a remedy for very grave ills. Left to the influences of politics alone, the subjugated South and the victorious North would have remained long apart: without some common grounds of sympathetic contact it is difficult to see how the division could ever have been healed. This common ground of relations has been found in business interests. Northern capital has invaded the South more swiftly and more effectively than the northern armies managed to do, and on the old battle-fields, victors and vanquished have forgotten their ancient strife in the friendly converse of men who are winning wealth each for the other.

As the complete union of the two sections manifestly depends on the extension of commercial relations between its people, it is worth while to review the resources of the South which are likely to contribute to this end. We may thereby gain an insight into the probable future of the business growth, which alone can soon firmly unite the long discordant parts of our country. In gauging the resources of any region, the first question before us is to determine the quality of its population. There is an ancient notion that the white population of the South consisted in part of a soft-handed gentry incapable of labor, and in part of peasants, despised by their superiors in social station, and without moral or physical stamina. All the federal soldiers who came into close contact with the southern armies were rudely disabused of this prejudice. They found themselves face to face with men of their own kind, laborious, alacrious, and enduring after the American manner. War is a cruel test of these human qualities: judged by this fire assay we know the Southerner to be of sterling material, in no way below the lofty standard of his race. Slavery doubtless retarded the processes of civilization in men of all stations who were exposed to its influences, but it left untouched the sterling qualities of the folk much as they were among the English ancestors of our people of two centuries or more ago.

Although there is far less difference between the character of men in the Southern and those of the Northern States than is commonly supposed, there are some features of diversity that deserve notice. The characteristic colonists of New England more generally came from the urban population of the mother country, while in the Virginia district a larger part of the population appears to have been more rural in its

origin. It is probably to this difference in the previous nurture of the people that we owe the diversity in the way in which their settlements were arranged: in the New England colonies the people usually gathered into towns and hamlets, while in the South they from the first showed a disposition to scattered plantations. Be the cause what it may,—and it is likely that it is far more complicated than just suggested, the southern people have been and still remain essentially country folk, loving the width and solitude of their own fields, dwelling much within their own thoughts, taking slowly to new things: in a word, endowed with the peculiarities which always characterize country folk. The old fashioned British squire, rigid and gnarled as an oak, but the best of human temper at heart, and the yeoman, rude, prejudiced, and ignorant, yet of the same sturdy quality, have in the South survived the assaults of modern culture. The modern spirit has to deal with excellent material in almost all the parts of the white population of the old slave districts. In some sections, it is true, there are considerable numbers of the degraded people known to literature as “poor white trash” but more often found in print than in reality. These are mainly the descendants of indentured servants, of emigrants of the peasant class, or from the mongrel colonies planted by the land companies of the Carolinas with an admixture of degradations from the better part of the population.

To a stranger who is accustomed to the smart look which much contact with men gives to the people in the more modernized parts of the world, the countrified air and shabby, often squalid dress of the rustics of the South, will convey a most erroneous impression. He will err in supposing that the men before him have the same mental and moral qualities which he is accustomed to find in people of a like appearance in other lands. Let him but know them, and he will find that they are generally trustworthy citizens, honest, fairly laborious, and with very clear and high, even if somewhat peculiar, sense of the relations of man and man. In case it happens that he becomes their guest, he will be surprised at the combined dignity and gentleness with which they will do the offices of hospitality. That they have not been more efficiently laborious is due to the fact that hitherto they have had no sufficient inducement to labor. Under the old conditions it was almost impossible for any

amount of thrift to lift a man of the yeoman class from his position as a small farmer to the station of a slave-holding planter. Such promotion came to men by inheritance, or by the wealth acquired in trade. Enough of the simple needs of life and after that leisure became the ideals of the poorer whites.

In the new dispensation the poor white works well, surprisingly well, when we consider how changed is his present situation as contrasted with the past. Give him a generation to train his limbs to the unaccustomed chase of the dollar and he will find the pace of his race.

Not the least of the good promise of the southern white population is found in the admirable quality of their ancestors. There is probably at the present time no equally numerous part of the English race so unaffected by foreign blood. As yet this population is little influenced by recent immigration and there seems a chance that the peoples of continental Europe may not invade that part of the country. The original settlers of Virginia and the Carolinas were like those of the northern colonies in most respects, but there are, as before mentioned, some important differences in detail. The North received a larger share of immigrants belonging to the trading and manufacturing classes of the mother country. The South was more generally from the soil-tilling people; the northern settlers were, as a whole, more purely southern English, the southern people received a singularly large share of Scottish blood either directly from Northern Britain or through Northern Ireland. Though some part of this Scottish immigration went to Pennsylvania and to colonies even farther north, Virginia and North Carolina received the largest share of this precious heritage of any part of the United States. Strong in mind and body and very prolific, this Scottish population has been the dominant element of the South for near a century and bids fair to remain the most important in the time to come.

The negro population affords by far the most serious of the questions before the South. This problem is so manifold, and touches so many of the ideal and actual interests of the people that it is almost impossible to form a clear judgment concerning its solution. It is, however, evident that the difficulties of the situation are naturally divided into three groups, viz.: Those which pertain to the economic inter-

course of the races, those which concern their political relations, and those involved in the purely social contacts. The first of these is already in great part solved. The negro is hard at work: the spur of necessity, the need of daily bread, causes him to do as much labor as was ever won from him by the fear of the lash. He is already a fair laborer, not demanding much pay, and not given to strikes; he works well about his task, and seems to be learning the lesson of perseverance almost as rapidly as his white fellow citizen of the laboring classes. That part of the race prejudice which made it difficult for the whites to work with the blacks, which was indeed never very strong, is disappearing. It is very common to find them toiling side by side in the field, the factory or the mine, with no mark of friction.

So strong are the economic motives of our time that the satisfactory condition of the labor problem in the South is the best possible assurance that the most important features of political accord between its adverse races will soon be attained. When men are amicably associated in daily labor we may be sure that there are no immediate dangers to be apprehended from their political discords. Then also in the matter of social relations the consensus in economic life will in time develop so much of friendly intercourse as is fit to the needs. I do not mean to imply that a close social union between these diverse peoples, the African and the Aryan races of this country, is ever likely to come about or is even desirable, nor do I think that the political outlook is by any means satisfactory, yet despite these conditions the rapidly developing and even now tolerably satisfactory accord of the economic relations of the blacks and whites shows that we are quite past the worst dangers of the situation. The habit of associated labor has taken us beyond the dangers of a serious conflict between the races, and day by day will increase the elements of concord. We may, therefore, turn to the physical resources of the Southern States with confidence that no serious conflicts will interfere with their economic use.

The resources to which the South owes its commercial development may be considered under the following headings, viz., climate, soil, water power, and subterranean stores of economic materials. The first of these, the climate, and in a subsidiary way many of the others, are dependent in a measure on the general form of the country. It will there-

fore be necessary to take an account of the more important elements of the topography of the region. The general shape of the Southern States is simple. The most important feature consists in the vast ridge of the Appalachian mountain system which, though beginning in the New England district, attains its characteristic form as well as its greatest height in the region south of the Potomac. In this district the mountains proper and the bordering table-lands occupy an area of about two hundred thousand square miles, the surface of which is elevated to a height of a thousand feet or more above the sea, and much of which, perhaps one-half in all, has its most elevated parts at the height of over two thousand feet above the tide. The result of this elevation is that almost one-half of the area of the Southern States east of the Mississippi River has a much colder climate than its latitude indicates. Measured by the temperature conditions of the sea shore line, this district may be said to have climatical relations analogous to those of the coast between Washington and Boston. Its conditions are in this respect perhaps the best of any district now occupied by our race.

In the east between this vast mountainous district and the Atlantic, lies a strip of lowlands formed where the table-lands decline gently to the sea. This region is on the whole a good field for our race; its climate is tempered by the sea on the east, and the elevated country on the west. Though in places malarious it can be made salubrious by drainage. On the south this great southern plain is extended in the peninsula of Florida down to near the northern tropic. In this curious portion of the continent we find a climate which may be termed sub-tropical in its nature, but tempered by the ample seas which wrap it about. The lowland district is continued along the northern shore of the Gulf around the southern terminus of the Appalachians, and then extends up the Mississippi Valley as a rather broad trough in which lie the swampy districts of Western Mississippi and Tennessee, the greater part of Louisiana, and the eastern portion of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri. The remainder of these last named States is high and salubrious land, lying on the vast decline extending eastward from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The really low lying and marshy districts of the South do not include more than one-eighth to one-tenth of its area, and in these the conditions of the surface make it

possible with simple engineering devices to give a better drainage than that which has been effected in the valley of the Po and lower Rhine. At least seven-eighths of the South is not naturally malarious, though in the frontier stage of the occupation of the land there is, as in other parts of the country, a liability to ague, and the neglect of drainage may lead even more quickly than in the North to attacks of filth diseases.

In good part the marshes which exist in the South are the result of the large and seasonably well distributed rain-fall. This field shares this singular advantage with the rest of the country which occupies the portion of North America which lies east of the Mississippi. This part of the continent is the best watered of all the lands occupied by the race, and the southern section in particular, owing to the warmth of the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, is almost exempt from destructive droughts. This well adjusted supply of rain gives to the southern rivers a tolerable constancy of flow and thus fits them for water powers in assurance exceeded only by the New England district. The whole of the elevated region of the Appalachians abounds in noble streams which may be turned to this use. To this gift of gracious skies we may also attribute the superb forests of this region. These woods contain a greater variety of broad-leaved deciduous trees than are found in any other sub-tropical forests of the world, and the conifers are only exceeded in growth by those of the giant forests of the Pacific Coast. The forests of the Northern States, which never covered anything like the area of those in the southern districts, have been stripped of their valuable timber, while a large part of the area south of the Potomac and the Ohio have never been scourged by the axe, and are saved from fire by the relatively great rain-fall. In this region lie the effective timber resources of the continent; used with reasonable care, they will by their swift growth afford a permanent supply for all the needs of its population.

The soil of the South, though on the whole less fertile than that of the prairie districts, deserves a high place among the tillable districts of the world. Central Kentucky and Tennessee, the Shenandoah Valley, and certain other less important portions of the Southern States, are underlaid by limestones, which by their decay produce soils of singular

fertility and endurance for tillage, affording a production from agriculture not surpassed in any land. The valleys of the rivers contain wide fields of alluvium, which are exceedingly fertile and refreshed by the annual inundations of the streams. The limestone districts of Texas afford a deep and rich soil, which is of the best quality and affords, in years of sufficient rain-fall, most excellent crops. All the regions underlaid by the crystalline rocks of the Appalachians are generally characterized by clayey soils, which are only surpassed by those which are provided on the limestone deposits. The area of high grade soils in the fairly well watered portions of the Southern States is not far from two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. Between the tablelands of the limestone areas and the alluvial valleys and also along the whole shore and district, the geological conditions are such that the soil is generally in its nature a sandy loam, becoming more sandy as we approach the Floridan district. In Florida, except in the limestone hummocks and in the everglade district, the surface of the earth is covered by a very arenaceous coating.

It is an eminent peculiarity of the South that nearly all of its surface is fit for some kind of tillage. East of the arid lands of Texas there is probably not one fiftieth of the area which cannot be made serviceable for man. Being almost altogether south of the region affected by the glacial period, there are hardly any loose rocks, and the fields are never strewn with stone in the manner so familiar to us in more northern regions. Even where the soil is of a sandy nature, careful tillage, aided by an abundant rainfall, will give profitable returns to the farmer. Not the least of the agricultural advantages afforded to the agriculturalist is the abundant supply of mineral manures existing in this region. In South Carolina, Florida, and westward through Alabama and Mississippi, certain strata contain an abundance of phosphate matter, which not only have a value as articles of export, but provide supply for the needs of the neighboring fields. So far the tillage methods of the Southern States have been but little affected by modern science, but when the agriculture of this district is fairly developed it will be found that its soils are extremely well suited to the needs of the skilful husbandman.

It is, however, to the under-earth resources of the earth that we must look for the foundation of those industries which

are to effect the economic revolution of this part of the country. These are fortunately of a nature to afford the basis for a sound and extended commerce and a vast manufacturing industry. Until the close of the civil war, even the mining enterprises of the South were extremely limited. A number of small furnaces produced iron, mainly from the ores of the northern portion of the district ; but the production was not sufficient to have any great commercial importance. In Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia there were gold mines, some of which had given considerable returns. The first step in the mining activity of this region after the war was to re-open these gold mines, and with the appliances of modern mining to seek to win a profit from them. These endeavors were one and all failures. The fact is, these mines were commonly worked by slaves in the seasons of the year when their masters had no use for them in the fields, and could afford to employ them in labor which gave even the smallest return. Moreover, the lodes which contained the gold were productive only near the surface, where long decay had brought the metal into a condition to be readily won, and these superficial portions of the veins had been exhausted. It was doubtless advantageous to the South that precious metal mining did not find a place among its modern industries. Experience shows that the search for these products of the earth breeds a speculative spirit and that it is difficult to create other more legitimate employments in regions where gold and silver are obtained in remunerative quantities.

Although the Southern States here and there afford ores of copper, lead, and zinc, its mineral wealth substantially consists in the vast store of coal, iron, manganese, fire clays and other earth products, which pertain to the great staple products of commerce. At present and for all the foreseeable future the most substantial economic work of our civilization depends mainly on the use of coal and iron. Although both of these substances in a way abound throughout the northern hemisphere, and iron ore of fine quality is found most widely distributed over the earth, they are rarely found in considerable quantities near together. The association of the two in the same field is important for several evident reasons. In the first place it requires from two to three tons of coal, or its equivalent in coke, to extract the metal from the

ore and bring it into the state of pig iron. Then all the subsequent processes by which it is converted into the uses of the arts require yet more fuel. When the ore and coal are far apart it is a costly business to bring them together. Each hundred miles of distance between them commonly means an expense of from one to two dollars per ton in the cost of making the metallic iron. In the Southern States the quantity and the association of the materials for this industry are better than in any other country, except perhaps in China.

The iron ores of the South are not only extremely abundant but occur in several widely separated fields. The Shenandoah district of Virginia and the neighboring valley of the Roanoke, western North Carolina, Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, North Western Georgia and Northern Alabama, all districts belonging to the system of the Appalachians, abound in workable deposits of this mineral. Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, also contain valuable iron ores, but they lie remote from deposits of good coal. The peculiar advantage of the Appalachian district is found in the fact that the ores lie in the neighborhood of excellent coal beds, which in certain cases can be used as it comes from the mine, or may be made to serve the needs of the smelter after it is converted into coke. The average distance of the iron ores from the coal needed to reduce it to the metallic state does not probably exceed one hundred miles. The ores of the Lake Superior district have to be transported from seven to ten times this distance to find an appropriate fuel. It is true that the average richness of the Lake Superior ores in metallic iron is probably nearly one third greater than those found in the Southern States, and the former yield Bessemer iron, which, save in rare instances, cannot be produced from the southern deposits. On the other hand, the southern ores are generally won with considerable ease. Enough ore to make a ton of iron can at many points be mined and put in the furnace at a cost of between one and two dollars, while to bring the same amount of raw material from the earth about Lake Superior to the smelting point costs, at the present time, from nine to twelve dollars. Moreover, there is a method of making steel, known as the Basic Process, which, for general purposes, is as good as the Bessemer system. This method is well proven, and, with the expiration of certain patents, which in a few years

will cease to be valid, will doubtless come into general use in the Southern States.

The peculiar ease with which the southern irons are mined is in good part due to their geologic conditions. They are generally in the form of true beds which once were limestones, and have been converted by percolating waters containing iron in a dissolved form into iron ores; being beds of this origin, the deposits are more continuous than those of other nature, such as those about Lake Superior, where the ore occurs in much more irregular deposits. Moreover, the Southern country was not occupied by the glaciers of the last ice period; thus the soft oxidized ores were not worn away as has generally been the case in the glaciated fields, nor have the outcrops been hidden by the deep accumulations of drift materials which are so common in northern districts. In part also their advantageous conditions are due to the fact that the southern climate permits work to be carried on in open pits throughout the year, while such uncovered openings would not be workable for more than seven months of the year in more northern climes.

At present the southern iron furnishes ore at a certain disadvantage, owing to the fact that their market is limited to the United States, and they are generally remote from the great centres where this metal is most consumed. The rapid industrial growth of the region about them is likely in a very few years to give a local demand for all the metal they at present produce, but their product will within a decade find a way to a wider field than this continent. To see this feature of their future it is necessary to glance at the present conditions of the two great southern continents Africa and South America.

Within a few years the industrial condition of these two great lands of the South is destined to undergo a great change. In both sections the construction of railways and the extension of other commercial enterprises have been commenced, and their realms so long beyond the limits of the active life of the world are to be rapidly subjugated to civilization. They are, in a word, to enter on their iron age. The lack of any satisfactory iron-making fuel in these continents as well as their social conditions apparently make it impossible that they can produce their own supply of iron or coal. These materials will have to be brought from Europe or North America: they might

perhaps be produced in China, but it will demand a social revolution to bring that people to compete with the Aryan civilization. Europe has not the means to supply this need; already the call for iron from these countries has carried the price of that metal to a point beyond what it commands in the markets of the United States. It seems clear that the Southern States of this Union will shortly be in a position to claim the place which its resources for iron production entitle them to hold, and that they will be looked to as the source of supply, both of iron and coal, for these awakening continents.

It now appears certain that within a short time a canal will be constructed through the American Isthmus, either at Darien or at Nicaragua or perhaps at both points. When this task is accomplished the southern portion of the United States will lie next to the greatest marine highway of the world. It alone can afford the coal for the shipping which is to pass along this path, and this for the reason that the mines of the southern Appalachian district are three or four thousand miles nearer to the Caribbean waters than those of England.

The vast agricultural and mineral resources of South America will soon be demanded as sources of supply of the world's markets. The developments of this continent will demand a great amount of machinery and tools. The geographic and the geological conditions point to the South as the place whence these shall be supplied. So too, the demands of Africa, as its population becomes modernized, will naturally be met by the earth resources of the Southern States. As these changes come about this region, with its store of coal and iron, its abundant water powers, good soil, and excellent climate, will not only command these markets, but will be in an excellent position to send its products of mine, factory, and forest to the whole Pacific realm.

The great revolution of our civil war, by destroying slavery, opened a new realm to the enterprise of our people. Most fortunately the earth resources of this realm provided the basis of an economic development which promises to solve the difficulties which could not be cleared away by arms or by legislation. This development bids fair to complete the modernizing process and to give a new life not only to the South and to our nation as a whole, but to have a vast influence on the industrial developments of other lands.

OUR FOREIGN IMMIGRATION. ITS SOCIAL ASPECTS.

BY PERI ANDER.

DURING the past two years, public attention has been rather forcibly attracted to the quantity and the quality of our foreign immigration. The searching investigation of a certain Congressional committee revealed a state of affairs that was far from reassuring. Press and pulpit have agitated for reform. Indeed, a significant change is apparent in the attitude of the press.

Until recently, the subject received little consideration, but leading journals now urge with practical unanimity the need of restrictive legislation, and several periodicals in various parts of the country devote themselves almost exclusively to the discussion of immigration and kindred questions.

No doubt to a growing feeling of popular discontent with the present condition of affairs may be attributed the sudden appearance of a new party in the west,—a party which advocates such radical changes in immigration, naturalization, and unlimited purchase of land by non-resident aliens. In fact the signs of the times seem to point to a consideration, or, more accurately, to a reconsideration of the great problem of immigration.

Of course there are various methods in which such a subject may be treated. We may regard it for instance from a political standpoint, or from a material or economic point of view, or again, as indicated by the character of this article, the question may be considered purely in its social aspects.

It is somewhat important to bear these distinctions in mind, because in past discussions they have been frequently lost sight of. To refute a social objection to immigration

the economic argument has been adduced, or else the latter has been calmly cited as if it covered the entire case and conclusively settled further discussion. But manifestly it does not do so. On the contrary a distinguished writer recently, while conceding the force of the economic argument, clearly indicated its inconclusive nature. To quote from a magazine article by Hon. Hugh McCullough, the writer referred to: "It is estimated," he says, "that since the foundation of our government more than thirteen millions of immigrants have come to the United States, and that if each brought with him sixty dollars in money the pecuniary gain has been about eight hundred million, but the gain in this respect has been small in comparison with what the immigrants were worth as laborers in the various branches of industry. Estimating them to have been equal in value to the slaves in the Southern States, they have added to our national wealth three times as much as our national debt amounted to at the close of the war!" But the writer goes on most pertinently to remark, the italics not being his: "What the *offsets* may be to this enormous gain is yet to be determined. The true wealth of a nation is not to be measured by acreage or money, but by the *quality of its people*. If the effects of foreign immigration should prove to be deleterious to the *character of the population* the gain referred to would have been dearly acquired."

These words are most striking and suggestive. The common weal, which is after all but another name for Commonwealth, does *not* depend solely or chiefly on material resources nor on the extent of the national domain. Of true national greatness material resources, however important an element, are not the origin or source. The whole history of the human race shows that moral considerations, moral influences and tendencies are far more permanent and lasting. Upon the character of the people has national greatness depended in the past; upon the character of her people does American greatness and American civilization depend to-day.

Such a reflection raises, or should raise the whole subject of immigration above mere partisan considerations and places it upon a vastly higher and broader plane. What bearing does immigration have upon the character of our people, what influence does it have in moulding and developing the character of the nation?

It is not customary to speak of a nation's character in this sense. Yet every nation manifestly has a character of its own as distinct as those of the individuals who compose it. And, to take a step further, we may say without pressing the analogy too far, that as the character of the individual is shaped and often strengthened by the very obstacles with which his destiny confronts him, the national character is determined very largely by the success of a nation in removing or overcoming the barriers which lie in the path of *its* development, or in other words upon the solution of what are called national problems.

Our own nation's progress and character, for example, obviously depend upon the temper in which we face our national problems and the resolution we display in grappling with them, and a little consideration will show that the relations which immigration bears to certain of these problems assume an importance which can scarcely be overestimated,—towards the attitude of labor to capital, for instance, or to purity of the ballot, towards the liquor traffic, or Mormonism.

With regard to Mormonism it might perhaps be hoped that immigration will act to some extent as a corrective of the evil and ultimately aid us in supplanting it. Immigration of the right sort would, no doubt, exert such an influence. Up to the present time, however, it does not appear to have done so. On the contrary Mormonism, though of native birth, has been nurtured almost entirely upon foreign immigration. The growth and prosperity in this nineteenth century of such an institution, "the twin relic of barbarism," is a phenomenon which has amazed the world and become our national reproach.

For many years we employed against it every agency at our command. But Mormonism continued to baffle all the efforts of government and people. We could not suppress it. It was not even checked, but continued to grow faster than the "Gentile" population, and to expand in various directions. And why? Because the source of supply is practically inexhaustible, being constantly renewed among the nations of Europe. For the Mormons make few converts in this country except among immigrants lately landed. Their methods and motives are too well known, education and intelligence too common. But their agents are busily at work

in various quarters of Europe. Thousands of ignorant, unsuspicious foreigners have been inveigled to the west, and proselytizing to-day does not seem to diminish in activity.

The fact is that Mormonism might long ago have yielded to the force of public opinion but for the constant accessions from abroad that have recruited, yes, and vastly multiplied its ranks. Recent legislation is supposed to have solved the "Mormon Problem," so far, that is, as legislation can accomplish the task.

But the social and moral evil already incurred is almost incalculable. For years to come it will tax all the resources of church and state to counteract the results of Mormon rule. And anyone who has witnessed the recent growth of Mormonism and its extension into new territories, may well hazard a doubt as to the actual solution of the problem, or whether in fact it can be entirely solved during the existence of our present system of immigration.

The present relations of capital and labor constitute a grave problem to every civilized nation. Time was when we were disposed to imagine that we should escape most of the dangers and perplexities that arise from a conflict between them. But the events of the past few years have made us sadder and wiser. During the sessions of the congressional committee, it will be remembered, that careful computations made by Mr. Powderly and other leaders among the workingmen, indicated that an enormous quantity of laboring men were living in enforced idleness. A million Americans, many of course men of family, were estimated to be out of employment, seeking work and finding none.

Mr. Powderly attributed this state of affairs very largely to the competition of foreign immigrants. But the proof of such an assertion did not depend upon his statements. The whole drift of the testimony taken before the committee showed in the clearest manner that multitudes of workingmen were being supplanted in various quarters by the hordes of pauper and contract labor. And this iniquitous and unjust competition has been going on for years with hardly a voice raised till recently in behalf of our unfortunate countrymen.

And the workingmen have been in many ways such an object of solicitude to our political economists, philanthropists, and statesmen. During the last presidential campaign both political parties discussed the tariff with special reference

to the physical condition of the workingmen. One party urged the advantage of cheap clothes and cheap markets. The other promised high wages to keep Americans from sharing the fate of the underfed laborer of Europe. Meanwhile both parties studiously ignored the rapid increase on our own soil of the underfed individual in question!

Among the audiences that faced the campaign speakers were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the "unemployed million!" How the professions of the politicians must have savored of mockery to these men. To them it was not a question of good clothes or good living, but of work or starvation, of life or death. After listening to the arguments they might bitterly have asked, "Is not the *life* more than *meat* and the *body* than *raiment*?"

Meantime the tide shows no signs of ebbing. Though fluctuating at intervals it steadily gathers volume with each successive decade. If it continues to rise what must be the lot of the laboring classes whose welfare is such an object of concern? Alas, for the mischief that has already been wrought. Dark enough at best appears to be the future of the American working women, many of whom in large cities are already obliged, it seems, to work for wages that barely suffice to keep body and soul together. We look upon slavery as a thing of the past, but does not unrestricted foreign immigration mean virtual slavery to thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen? As for the character and intelligence of this swarm of invaders, does it average higher than our own? It might perhaps be some compensation if we could think so. But just at present it is difficult to take a sanguine view. To be able to do so would be far from flattering to our self-esteem. The proportion of the undesirable element is too great. So large an infusion of contract and pauper labor is not likely to raise our standard of intelligence and morality.

Indeed, among certain recent importations, morality seems conspicuously absent. Notwithstanding our experience with polygamy in the west, we are submitting to the introduction of a system of polyandry in the east, practised by a race of men who occupy themselves when opportunity offers in rifling and mutilating the bodies of the dead.

Besides the direct menace to the individual and the state involved in a continuation of our present policy, there is

another consideration involved. We have already within our borders a fair supply of anarchists, communists, nihilists, and all that ilk. The Pittsburg and Chicago riots made us painfully aware of their presence and numbers. We have been disposed to assume, however, that we should never share the experiences of foreign governments in dealing with these classes. The conditions here were all so different.

But ever since these riots anarchist and communist have continued to come. And much of our pauper and contract labor and criminal immigration affords a capital field of labor for the enterprising anarchist or communist. Moreover, a million of unemployed, whether native or foreign, constitute of themselves dangerous and inflammable material in any community. The enemies of all law and government are adepts in manipulating such a material. The conditions of society here, in fact, no longer differ so widely from those abroad and each year sees an increasing resemblance between them.

In the municipal growth and development of this country, immigration has always played a most important part. Probably no one deems its influence to have been altogether beneficial. Many of our best and worthiest citizens, judging from their recent utterances, are coming to regard it as practically an unmixed evil. A few extracts from the proceedings of a meeting held last year in New York, may serve to illustrate the growing sentiment. The object of the meeting was to promote evangelizing the masses, and the list of members, clerical and lay, comprises many representative men.

The distinguished chairman stated, by way of introduction, that the gathering was not sectarian, but Christian and thoroughly American and of great importance both to the metropolis and the nation. Men were being forced to recognize the enormous disproportion of foreigners to natives in the large American cities. No such disproportion existed elsewhere in the civilized world.

In London the proportion of foreign population to native was about two per cent. In the city of New York over eighty per cent. of the population was of foreign birth or parentage. To this fact the speaker attributed most of the vice, crime, packed primaries, bribery of voters, bossism in politics, and fraudulent and farcical elections. The addresses that followed were very instructive.

It appears that in 1840 the city contained one Protestant church to every 2,000 people; in 1880, one to 3,000; in 1888, one to 4,000. In some of the uptown wards where the best showing was made, one church sufficed for 5,000 people, while there was one saloon to 125 people. The total population of the city was about 1,500,000, and the total membership of the Protestant churches only about 100,000.

These figures ought to have a deep significance not only for Christianity, but for the whole people. Any investigation would show, as the reports of the meeting indicate, that vast amounts of money, time, and labor are expended in ministering to the spiritual, social, and physical needs of the masses of the city. And it might be difficult for a candid and competent observer to disparage either the motives or methods of those who are thus engaged in laboring for humanity. For much of the work is well organized and also thoroughly earnest and practical. The outlook, however, must be discouraging even to the most ardent philanthropist. Nor is the situation materially improved by including in our estimates the members of the Roman Catholic communion. Statistics show that in the city of New York the proportion of the adherents of Christianity to the total population is constantly and rapidly diminishing. Not only do the churches fail to make headway, they are rapidly falling behind. It is impossible to make much impression on the dense masses of immigrants who are constantly pouring in. The noble aim of the association of churches is to Christianize and to Americanize the foreign element. Under existing circumstances, success in either direction is, humanly speaking, impossible. While one immigrant is being transformed into an American and a Christian a dozen of his compatriots have arrived to claim the same kind offices. It is like an attempt to cleanse the Augean stables.

Such a comparison does not necessarily involve any disparagement of the new comers. It does not raise the much vexed question as to how many of them are of a desirable class. It might be frankly conceded for the purpose of argument that nine-tenths of them would furnish good material for American citizenship under favorable circumstances.

But human nature is very much the same with every race and few men could withstand the evil influences that

surround the emigrant landing in one of our large cities. A recent writer who took part in the proceedings of the meeting referred to, says:—

“Few men appreciate the extent to which they are indebted to their surroundings for the strength with which they resist or do or suffer. All this strength the immigrant leaves behind him. He is isolated in a strange land, perhaps doubly so, because of a strange speech. . . . A considerable part of our American born population are apparently under the impression that the ten commandments are not binding west of Missouri. Is it strange, then, that those who come from other lands, whose old associations are all broken up, and whose reputations are left behind, should sink to a lower moral level? Across the seas they suffer many restraints which are here removed. Better wages afford larger means of self-indulgence. Often the back is not strong enough to bear prosperity, and liberty too often lapses into license. Our population of foreign extraction is sadly conspicuous in our criminal records. This element in 1870, formed twenty per cent. of the population of New England and furnished seventy five per cent. of the criminals. That is, it was twelve times as much disposed to crime as the native stock.”

Yet it appears that these men whose associations, moral restraints, and religious ties are all broken up, are in numberless instances inaccessible to the influences of either Christianity or philanthropy. They are practically isolated on account of their vast numbers as well as their natural but unfortunate tendency towards aggregation.

Their situation concerns the state in its sphere as vitally as it does Christianity itself. The interests of society imperatively forbid the segregation of multitudes of people from the influences and restraints of religion. The most pronounced agnostic or skeptic would hardly hold otherwise. And nothing can be more opposed to the spirit and genius of our institutions than the aggregation of masses of foreigners upon our soil. Our policy has always been just the reverse. Every consideration demands the speediest possible assimilation in their interests as well as our own.

We stand to-day on the threshold of the second century of our national life. In spite of all drawbacks and mistakes boundless opportunities are before us, and the future is

largely in our own hands. In Emerson's inspiring words, "we live in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race."

Some of the nation's problems have already been solved. Various others can and must be solved. For as Mr. Brice has recently reminded us in *The American Commonwealth*, our government and our legislation frequently fail, but the people so far have been equal to every emergency in their history.

To verify Emerson's prediction however, to work out our political destiny and develop the highest type of civilization, a radical change in our system of immigration seems absolutely essential. The instincts of self protection, not to say self preservation, require such a change. No human institutions can endure indefinitely the strain which our present policy, if persisted in, will inevitably put upon our social and political life.

If we cannot sift the immigration which is pouring in upon us from every quarter of the globe — and every effort to do so hitherto has proved abortive — should not a sense of duty and responsibility to ourselves and our children, as well as to the human race, impel us to close the doors entirely for a time, or at least to make the attempt?

HYPNOTISM AND ITS RELATION TO JURISPRUDENCE.

BY EMILY KEMPIN, LL. D., SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK MEDICO-LEGAL SOCIETY.

I. THE QUESTION UNDER CONSIDERATION.

OWING to the widespread interest at the present time in Hypnotism, and as the discoveries that have been made in recent years are so momentous to Science, a paper on this subject seems timely, especially when we remember that our literature is almost silent upon this subject.*

The question, as to what is the real nature of Hypnotism, has led to the formation of two schools, differing widely from each other in the treatment of the subject. One, that of La Salpêtrière in Paris, we may call the old school, at the head of which is Charcot. Students of this school and their adherents, maintain that Hypnotism, while not produced by an unseen agent, a fluid called *magnetism*, urge that the phenomena depend on the existence of some elementary power which they believe to be effective without the realm of physiology. They claim, that the nerves are influenced by something from outside of the human organism, and therefore come very near to the mystic agent of Mesmer.

In contrast with this school are the theories of Liébeault and Bernheim in Nancy. James Braid, of Manchester, England, was the first who proved that the phenomena of Hypnotism do not depend upon a fluid transmitted from the magnetizer, but our nerve forces working *within* the organism of the person to be hypnotized. This theory has been

* Professor Mills Posse, of Boston, has translated a work of Björnström upon Hypnotism; Professor Charcot, of Paris, has in a contemporary review treated the subject briefly from his point of view, and Clark Bell, Esq., has delivered an interesting address before the Medico-Legal Society thereon. With these exceptions I am conversant with no literature in America of any importance treating on Hypnotism.

taken up by the eminent scientists in Nancy, and sustained by a wide practical experience, they have worked out the new, eminently important theory of *suggestion*.

What suggestion in this technical sense is, in its relation to Hypnotism, will be explained in this paper.*

In order to bring the subject clearly before the mind it will be necessary to next examine a few points which relate to the subject in hand.

II. DEFINITION.

Hypnotism (from the word *hypnos* — sleep) is applied to all the phenomena and their accompanying circumstances which are connected with conscious or unconscious suggestion.

Hypnosis means the changed state of mind of the hypnotized.

Hypnotizer is the person who exerts the hypnosis. *Suggestion* is the creating of a dynamic change in the nervous system of a person (or in such functions as are incident to that system) by another person, thereby imparting to the other the (conscious or unconscious) conviction that such a change does take place, has taken place or will take place. Taken as phenomena and potencies, hypnosis and suggestion are as old as humanity. New are only two factors:

1. The acknowledgment of these phenomena as scientific verities. 2. The facility with which almost every human being can be hypnotized by the method of Liébeault. These two factors, especially the latter, give to Hypnotism a new and great importance in criminal and civil law.

III. THE METHODS OF HYPNOTIZING.

The hypnogenic processes are numerous and various. Almost every magnetizer has had his special method and they have all succeeded in a measure. It was believed for a long time, that the hypnosis is created by some external means, by the effect of peripheric effects from outside on the sensory nerves.

*The medical part of the same is an extract from the recent essay of Professor Dr. August Forel, Director of the Hospital for the insane in Zurich, Switzerland, entitled: "Der Hypnotismus, Seine Bedeutung und Seine Handhabung." It is for American readers the necessary supplement to Mills Posse's translation of Björnström, because the latter discriminates not distinctly enough between the theories of the two schools.

For instance the fixing of the eyes on some shining object or the steady gazing of the subject at the eyes of the hypnotizer, the staring at one's own image, etc., or by effecting the sense of hearing. A blow on a gong is said to cause often sudden sleep, or the hypnotizer blows softly into the face of the person to be hypnotized, or he closes his eyelids with the fingers, and presses gently on the eyeballs.

Braid's method, widely known and used, consisted in letting the medium stare at a shining object, a glass knob or some such thing, which is held a couple of inches above the root of the nose, so that they are obliged to take a position that makes them converge strongly upward by which the muscles of the eyes get tired or the optic nerve becomes over-irritated.

Charcot's celebrated school at La Salpêtrière has modified the Braid method by placing pieces of glass close to the bridge of the nose, by which procedure the convergency of the eyes is increased and sleep comes more rapidly. The strong and successful opponents against the theory which underlies this method of Braid and Charcot are Liébeault and Bernheim at Nancy. The school at Salpêtrière believes that a mechanical irritation produces the sleep and attaches no importance to the association of thought. Charcot and his scholars maintain, that the hypnotized are entirely unconscious and can by no means during the hypnotic sleep be influenced to do or not to do what others suggest to them. The contrary has been proven by the school in Nancy. According to its doctrine, it is not the procedure which makes the patient sleep, but the *idea* that he is going to sleep.*

The scientists maintain strongly, that the fixing of the eye by itself never produces hypnosis, but the suggestion, that is the creating of all the hypnotic phenomena by producing the necessary ideas, especially ideas of phantasy. This is done by the firm declaration, that such and such a state, which is wanted, exists actually or will exist. This is the *Verbal suggestion*.

If a man persuades himself by suggestion, we term it *auto-suggestion* or *self-suggestion*. But suggestion is also produced by other means than the language alone, for instance, by images, in fact by everything which creates strong

* The standpoint of Liébeault and Bernheim takes also Forel.

phantasies. But still more, suggestion can be made unconsciously or the respective illusion can be so weak or short, that the memory can never call it back, and yet the suggestion have full effect. The theory of suggestion has changed the science of Hypnotism in a most remarkable way. Under the old theories, only hysteric or nervous and a very few normal persons could be hypnotized with great difficulty, while the theory of Liébeault succeeds with almost every strong and healthy man. The number of hypnotized healthy persons at Nancy, by Liébeault and Bernheim, amounts to several thousands. During the year 1887, Dr. Wetterstrand in Stockholm has made the experiment of suggestion with 718 people, of which only 19 remained uninfluenced. Dr. von Reuterghem in Amsterdam has hypnotized 162 persons out of 178 successfully, and Fontan and Ségard in Marseille had among 100 persons only a few failures. Forel hypnotized, within one year, 181 out of 215, and a scholar of his, who learned the way of hypnotizing by suggestion with him, recently hypnotized of sixty all but three. In regard to these facts, compared with the few hysteric persons hypnotized at Salpêtrière, whose number amounts to not more than twelve a year, Forel says justly *that the muddled view of hypnosis has to be replaced by the rational views of suggestion, that is, the suggested sleep instead of the hypnotic sleep.*

IV. THE SUGGESTION.

Suggestion, in the technical sense, is the creating of a dynamic change in the nervous system or of functions incident to that system of a person by another person. But we are not only susceptible to suggestion, when going to be hypnotized, but also in an entirely wakeful and ordinary normal state. This is especially the case with imaginative persons; by hearing or reading of a disease, they can imagine that they suffer from the same complaint. In general, suggestion plays a far greater role in normal life and appears daily far more often than we think. Suggestion generally constitutes an important part of all education of children, of all teaching, of the physician's treatment of the sick, of the influence of all men over each other, for good or for evil. It is a common experience, that confidence in the physician and in the remedy greatly promotes the success of the treat-

ment. This is simply suggestion. The physician or the remedy awakens in the brain of the sick person the idea, that just this physician and this remedy will cure this disease. The suggestion is often more than half the cure. The same result of suggestion is also to be seen in our daily life. If we suddenly say to a young girl: "How you are blushing," her face immediately grows red, although she did not have the slightest cause. By yawning or by pretending to yawn, I can cause a whole company to yawn. Laughter and tears are also directly contagious; the mouth waters, when we hear a delicacy spoken of; all is suggestion. So a person in a perfectly wakeful state may be moved to tears, to laughter, to expression of joy, sorrow, anger, etc., by a drama or by the reading of a novel.

This common human susceptibility to suggestion has its degree, however, but we cannot say that it is most developed in weak, sensitive, dependent natures. Also during natural sleep man is susceptible to suggestion. We all know how dreams can be produced and guided at pleasure by this means.

V. KINDS OF SUGGESTION.

The most common and frequent suggestion is the so-called *verbal suggestion*. In this kind of suggestion the hypnotic phenomena is produced by the firm declaration of the hypnotizer that the state wanted by him exists or will exist. In these cases the order must be direct and decided. If it is done with hesitation, and too gently, the patient becomes hesitating and irresolute when it is to be performed. If a man persuades himself without the interference of another we speak of auto-suggestion or self-suggestion. Auto-suggestion is always performed where the person to be hypnotized resists the suggestion of the hypnotizer. If, for instance, a hypnotizer has tried several times to suggest without success, the auto-suggestion with the patient grows so strong that he cannot be hypnotized. (We shall see in the following that the hypnotized is not always automatical.)

Typical auto-suggestions are to be found with hysterical persons. Forel gives instances, where a person was sleepless, but had good appetite. He hypnotized her, and suggested her sleep successfully. Instead of sleeplessness she lost now

the appetite. This is the effect of auto-suggestion. If, for instance, we are to sleep at night in the same position, it is merely by auto-suggestion. A very intelligent and educated lady had seen Professor Forel hypnotizing. She was highly interested, and when in a following night she awoke with a terrible toothache, she tried to cure herself by auto-suggestion in imitating Forel's voice and monotony of the suggestions she had heard from him some days before. She succeeded perfectly in going to sleep again, and in the morning no trace of the disease was left.

Suggestion can effect all the senses, and can be varied according to the will of the hypnotizer. By deception of *sight* a room may be changed into a street, a garden, a cemetery, a lake, present persons may be made to change appearance, strangers to appear, objects to change form and color. But in regard to Medico-Legal science the most important phenomenon is *post-suggestion*.

All that can be attained during the hypnosis can also be produced in the wakeful state, so that one gives during the hypnotic sleep to the hypnotized the suggestion, that such and such an act will be done after he is awake. Forel relates: "I said to one hypnotized: 'When you are awake, you will set this chair on the table and then tap me on the right shoulder.' Afterwards I told him different things, and then: 'Count six and you will be awake.' He did so, and when saying six he opened his eyes. During a moment he looks drowsy, and then stirs at the chair. Sometimes he struggles hard against the powerful impulse to obey the suggestion. According to the grade of susceptibility or the natural or unnatural suggestion that was given to him, his reason conquers or will be conquered by the suggestion. But like other experimentors, I have observed many times, that the attempt to resist the suggestion can injure the hypnotized. He becomes anxious, nervous, and worried, by the idea that he has to obey by all means.

This instinct can continue for hours, even for days. In other cases it may be weak as the remembrance of a dream and then the suggestion remains unbeyed. But even in such cases one can enforce the performance by the repeated suggestion of the same thing during the hypnosis. Our hypnotized, after having glanced at the chair, rises suddenly, takes the chair and puts it on the table. I say, "Why do

you do that?" The answer is different according to the grade of education and temperament of the hypnotized. Number one says frankly, "I was obliged to do it, but I do not know why." Number two says, "It was an idea which came to me." Number three says, "The chair stood in my way." Number four does not know what he has done; after my question he simply believes he awakened just now.

But a still more wonderful, we may even say diabolic kind of suggestion is the *suggestion à échéance*, so called by the French, who made the most astonishing experiments with these means. The suggestions *à échéance* are suggestions on a fixed time. It is only a variety, but practically one of the most important phenomena of the post-hypnotic suggestion.

Dr. Richet * gives the following instance: —

After B. had been hypnotized, I used to say to her: "You will return to me on this day or that, at this hour or that." She remembered nothing of this when she awoke, but said of her own accord: "When shall I return?" "Whenever you can; some day next week." "At what hour?" "At any hour you like." With astonishing precision she always returned on the day and hour that I had prescribed during the hypnosis, although she did not remember anything when she awoke. Even if the time were ever so inconvenient, she came at the appointed hour. Once when she arrived she said: "I do not know why I came now; the weather is terrible; I have company at home; I have been running to get here; I have no time to stay, but must immediately return to my callers. It is too silly!" Another physician has succeeded with a suggestion of one year's duration. The enormous importance of the suggestion, *à échéance*, is clear. Thoughts and resolutions of the hypnotized can be ordered in advance for a time, when the hypnotizer is no more present, and besides this, one can give the suggestion of the free will to the hypnotized, and further, one can give a suggestion that the hypnotized has no idea when and where the suggestion has been made or that it comes from another person. Very susceptible people can even be hypnotized with total amnesia (not remembering or non-remembrance). If I suggest to such persons: "You have never been hypnotized," they will, on being asked, swear that they have never in their life been hypnotized.

* Revue philosophique of 1883.

SUGGESTION OF THE WAKEFUL.

Very susceptible people can be subjected to suggestion without hypnotic sleep while they are fully awake. All the phenomena of hypnosis or post-hypnotic suggestions can be produced. Generally, this can only be done with people who have been hypnotized before. Nevertheless the experiment has been made with very intelligent and powerful persons, who have never been hypnotized, and the suggestion of being susceptible in the wakeful state can be made during the hypnotic sleep. Forel is convinced that it needs only some exercise and audacity in order to produce the suggestibility in the wakeful state with a great percentage of entirely normal people. An interesting and frequent form between the hypnosis and the wakeful state is when the hypnotized, having his eyes open and behaving himself like a normal person, finds unnatural and senseless suggestions quite natural, and therefore performs all suggested acts without discussing them. If he is asked afterwards why he has done so, he will say that he has acted in a kind of dream without knowing exactly what he had done. There are altogether a number of different stages between the completely wakeful state, and the deep, somnambulic sleep. But it is exceedingly difficult to decide whether a person who proves susceptible to suggestion is fully awake, or in a slight latent somnambulic state. Finally, we mention the *hallucination retroactive*, the suggested remembrance of something that has never happened. Forel justly holds, that the expression *hallucination retroactive* is not quite correct, because it is not only the remembrance of visions but just as well the remembrance of sentiments, thoughts, etc. The so-called *hallucination retroactive* is a *plus* of remembrances, while in the ordinary suggestion something is suggested *away*.

Here is an example of the *hallucination retroactive*: Before a society of tourists, in Zurich, it was suggested to an eight years old boy, that the jurists present had stolen his handkerchief eight days ago. When questioned on the subject, he described the place and stated the time. Five minutes later, Forel suggested to him that all this never happened, and that he, the boy, had never said so, and with the same assurance, the boy swore now, that he had never

said such a thing. The great merit of having made clear these highly important facts of retroactive suggestions remains with Bernheim. He has shown how easy it is to create by it false witnesses, who give their false testimony with the firm conviction of having spoken the truth. Such deceptions of memory are easily produced with children who all are more or less inclined to believe what adults affirm to them in a firm tone. The same is true of weak persons.

In the history of procedures of all countries, many instances of false testimony and false confession are known, which have been made on the suggestion they have received by others, in an entirely wakeful state, and not knowing that they testified falsely. There exists also a class of hysterical people, who are so accustomed to lie, that they cannot do otherwise. They swindle and lie, and are actually not able to discriminate their phantasies from the real true facts. It is unjust, if we punish these people with contempt; they lie instinctively, and even if punished severely, or spoken to kindly, they continue almost automatically to tell you the most stupid, useless phantasies. It is a condition of the intellect, which we can compare to a morbid state of auto-suggestion.

VI. THE CONDITION OF THE SOUL DURING THE POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

The suggestions à échéance and the suggestions in the wakeful state.

The soul in this state is wakeful yet changed. But it is impossible to define exactly *how* it is changed. Each case differs from the other: in some cases suggestion produces the hypnotic state, the eye becomes rigid, and the hypnotized can even be amnesic in regard to everything that has happened and performs all that has been suggested to him. In other cases an entirely wakeful state prevails, where the person under the suggestion struggles hard against the constraint, the impulse of the suggestion.

The different grades vary from the barest automatism, to the keenest self-criticism of the unfortunate. The following instances will make this clear. Forel relates: To a nurse of our hospital I suggested, each time when reporting to the as-

sistant physician about the patient Luisa C., "You will make a mistake and say Lina C., and each time when you begin to speak with the doctor you will scratch the right side of your forehead." The suggestion took effect. In the middle of her common talk to the doctor she made the mistake of saying Lina C. instead of Luisa C. She became often aware of it, tried to correct herself, made however the same mistake and was much surprised about the matter. At the same time she scratched at the suggested spot, as soon as she began to talk with the doctor. It is marvellous how she makes the same mistake every day, how she was angry with herself, apologized and said she could not comprehend why she cannot say the right name. After a few weeks she felt so uneasy about it, that she omitted the first name and spoke only of the patient C. While this mistake in speaking the name was made in an entirely wakeful state, the scratching was done instinctively, but at the same time she acted and spoke things that had not been suggested to her and were entirely reasonable.

The same person in speaking in the presence of two witnesses on Hypnotism said to me: "Doctor, though I am compelled to do all you suggest to me in the hypnotic state, I always feel that it comes from you, it is such a peculiar feeling, like something coming from outside." "Very well," said I, "sleep." She was soon in the hypnotic sleep, and then I said to her: "Soon after being awake you will have the idea, quite by yourself, to ask me." "Long ago I wanted to ask you, doctor, how it happens that persons sleep so quickly on being hypnotized, while in the ordinary sleep the process is much slower. How is that? it is so queer." "You will have then not the least idea that I suggested the question to you; the idea comes from you alone, as you wanted to ask the question long ago. Count now to six and be awake." She counts, awakes, answers me to have slept wonderfully, and then about half a minute later she asks the suggested questions word for word, showing by her questioning tone the strongest interest. I answer at length and then ask her how she got the idea to ask me the question. "Oh," she answered, "I wanted long ago to ask you the same." "Is it not a suggestion which I have given you just now?" "Oh, no," she said, "you can't deceive me, it is my own idea." "And yet you are mistaken; here are two wit-

nesses who have heard that I suggested the phrase to you a few minutes ago." The hypnotized was very much disconcerted at this communication and was obliged to admit that she could recognize only those suggestions which were so foreign to her natural inclinations and habits of thought that they did not seem to be her own ideas. This seems to show sufficiently that a suggestion can be smuggled into the normal activity of the soul, so that the hypnotized believes to have acted or thought spontaneously, not having any presentiment of the parasital will of the hypnotizer.

VII. HYPNOTISM AS A PHYSICAL AND MORAL REMEDY.

There exists not the slightest doubt to-day, that Hypnotism is a very good and in some instances indispensable remedy of diseases of various characters.

The hypnotic sleep has been used instead of chloroform as early as 1829, when French surgeons succeeded in making painless amputations. We know also of wonderful cures of complaints of the nervous system. Many cases of hysterical paralysis, contractures, and other nervous ailments have been treated successfully by Hypnotism. The same helps also to cure disorders of digestion by improving the appetite, or by checking the pains in the stomach during digestion. Among the most important diseases which have been the objects of the hypnotizer's successful experiments, may be mentioned alcoholism and the morbid thirst or dipsomania. Not only such diseases can be cured by Hypnotism and suggestion as are sequels of drunkenness, but this method is still more valuable by stopping the drinking itself and the craving for strong liquors.

Hypnotism is also a means of education. It is principally the school of Nancy, which of late years has studied the influence of Hypnotism on character and claims to have tried the method in several thousand cases, always with some good effect and never causing any harm. Suggestion for educational purposes has a double importance. It is used in every day's life to influence the character of children and can be used symptomatically like a therapeutic remedy against bad habits, character, etc. In order to make its effect perpetual, in this case the mind of the child must be led to such auto-suggestions, which will produce the desired result. When

pedagogues will realize that the key for all education lies in a reasonable use of suggestion, the difficult art of pedagogy will undergo a most wonderful and favorable reform.

VIII. THE JURIDICAL SIDE OF HYPNOTISM.

The results of the wide experience made by the adherents of the school in Nancy, demonstrate clearly that our so-called free will is, as the great philosopher Spinoza says, an illusion and that free will is nothing more than ignorance of the motives of our resolutions. This acknowledgment leads us naturally from the medical to the juridical question, What effect has Hypnotism on our system of Law? It has been answered more or less fully in regard to criminal Law by several modern writers on Hypnotism, who all are of the same opinion, that the far-reaching effect of Hypnotism make it a very dangerous instrument in the hand of the negligent or unconscientious hypnotizer. The new science requires some new legislative measures. In the first place none but physicians ought to be allowed to use Hypnotism. The non-medical hypnotizer is a nuisance to the public in several directions. Even where Hypnotism is applied as a remedy by the physician it ought to be used very carefully and not repeated without need. Just as many poisons are dangerous if repeatedly applied, it is also the case with Hypnotism: it is such a strain of the nerves that instances of disturbance of mind through these means are not seldom.

Hypnotism can also be used in the service of crime.

(a) The hypnotized can fall victim to crime. Abduction, robbery, theft, perjury are easy to accomplish on hypnotized persons.

(b) The hypnotized can be used as a ready tool in the service of crime.

The practice of Hypnotism should not only be forbidden to all but licensed physicians, but these even should not be allowed to use it without having authorized witnesses present. The difficulty which seems to be in the way of fulfilling this requirement can easily be overcome by interference of the State authorities. The State ought to have control of the remedy of Hypnotism, whether it be used as a remedy against sickness or against moral defects.

Our whole system of law, with all its consequences, rests upon the idea that men have a free will, and free will of the parties is the first and principal requisite all over the globe. If the experiments of Hypnotism demonstrate clearly that our free will is a dream, that it can be and is constantly influenced by suggestions of those whose will seems to be stronger than ours, should we not let will alone in regard to the validity of legal acts? How little our so-called will stands the suggestion of others is to be seen in daily life. If a salesman in the store induces us, by his praise of the goods, to make the bargain which we would not perform a few minutes ago, it is nothing else than suggestion. We may be angry afterwards at our weakness in the critical moment, the contract nevertheless remains valid and we have to take the consequences of it upon ourselves. Nobody would think of annulling it on the ground of lack of will. Properly said, we had also the will in the moment of performing the contract; the question is rather how this will was produced, by which means the consent had been given. These means are in each and every case suggestions,— suggestions produced by the beauty, the necessity, the utility of the objects which we make ours by the legal acts. These suggestions are always produced, and thus create the will, through something outside of us.

The good salesmen and women, therefore, are those who have the most suggestive power. It is very interesting how canvassers and agents, especially book-agents, are taught by their employers how to make suggestions in order to be successful. They have to commit to memory a long story of the value of the article they are going to sell, and the following prescriptions are given to them: "You must control your customer and be the leading spirit of the occasion. It is your business to arouse interest and desire; earnestness and enthusiasm, quiet but deep, should be brought to bear. Don't hurry, keep cool, and be concise and direct in your language. Whatever you do it must be done with an air of earnestness and assurance, *in full confidence, as it were, that he will do what you request of him. There must be no faltering or indecision on your part. During all the time you talk with him, look into his eyes and never directly answer objections. Let him not think of anything but your article and what you say.*"

The above copied instructions to canvassers, printed in a little "strictly private book," and given into their hands, are the exact instructions how to hypnotize persons by suggestions. Professor Bernheim or Forel could not better instruct some medical friend as to how to proceed in order to produce the hypnotic state of mind with their patients than does this canvasser's guide. I am confident no theory but experience has taught these people how the will of one person can be controlled by the will of another.

What is done by canvassers is done by every good salesman and saleslady, is done a thousand times, when we are not aware of yielding to another man's will, but believe to have carried out *our own* intentions.

In consideration of this surprising, but well-established fact, we may justly ask: Shall we sustain a system of Law where the validity or nullity of every legal act is dependent upon the will of the parties, upon an uncontrollable and as to its existence very questionable factor?

Should the system of jurisprudence not be brought in harmony with the new discoveries made in the science of Hypnotism? Should the will in the future play that important role in law as it has done in the past three thousand years? And if not, what can we put in its place? These are very grave and exceedingly difficult questions. They are not likely to be solved by our present generation and I would not attempt to answer them. I ventured simply to throw the ball into the air — who will catch it?

THE COMING CATAclySM OF AMERICA AND EUROPE.

BY PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end."

— *Ghost in Hamlet.*

THE writer is naturally an optimist, a full believer in the noblest destiny of man; but he cannot maintain his optimism stubbornly against reason, against evidence, against science, and against the teachings of history. Calamity and catastrophe are as much a part of the plan of nature as successful progress, and as the portents of the coming storm gather thick and dark in the sky, it would be fatuous to refuse to see them.

Gen. Butler, who is certainly one of our ablest statesmen and financiers, said at a banquet in his honor May 1, 1890, in Boston: —

"They have cyclones out West, accompanied with thunder, lightning, heavy rains, and hail, which are very destructive. Look out for a financial cyclone where no building or institution will be strong and tight enough to protect the business of this country from the destruction which will follow in its path."

He enforced the truth of his anticipation by showing that agriculture was unprofitable, and that American farmers were laboring under a mortgage debt of \$3,450,000,000, which could never be paid, and was so hopeless that no honest broker would invest anyone's money in Western mortgages on farms.* And yet *Gen. Butler suggested no rem-*

* That the urban population has been growing rich while the agricultural population has been growing poor, was illustrated in the speech of that eloquent advocate of tariff legislation Benjamin Butterworth of Ohio, who said in Congress, "I can name upon my ten fingers men whose combined profits for the last decade have exceeded those of all agriculturists of any State in the Union." The deserted farms of New England and the farm

edy whatever, but expressly discredited the schemes which have been proposed in Congress. He evidently regards the universal destructive crash as inevitable—a crash utterly unexampled in the world's financial history.

But this is a small matter compared to the feeling that is growing in intensity among hundreds of thousands that there must be a settlement of the old feud between capital and labor, and that the settlement must be a bloody one. This is surely absurd enough, as a matter of political economy, or a question of social progress, for it means not social redress of any wrong, but universal ruin. Yet, passion will not count the cost or estimate the results, and passion is attaining a fearful power. The language even of Western farmers is becoming incendiary,* and the turbulent elements of the cities are distinctly looking forward to blood; and their angry passions are fanned by leaders who do not lack for intelligence and eloquent zeal, and by social agitators who, though not bloody-minded, are continually adding to the angry discontent by rhetorical exaggeration of the wrongs of labor, saying nothing of the fact that labor is better rewarded to-day than at any time in the past, when it was abject and submissive. To-day it claims all its rights, and has learned its strength.

with improvements just sold in Connecticut for a dollar an acre, tell the whole story. Yet I do not endorse the sensational statement of Gen. Butler. Far from it. I believe that he has been misled by newspaper statements which have been circulated in the last three or four years concerning farm mortgages which are grossly exaggerated. The published statement of farm mortgages in Michigan was five times greater than the truth, and, in fact, exceeded the entire value of the farm lands. If Gen. Butler would investigate this matter he would discover how enormously he has been misled by the newspapers. Still the facts remain that the working farmer is going down, for in ten years, from 1870 to 1880, the number of small farms diminished, while the number of farms over a thousand acres, increased sevenfold.

* To realize this, let us recollect that inflammatory paragraphs, of which the following from Brick Pomeroy's *Advanced Thought* is a fair example, have been scattered by millions through the country and continue to come with increasing energy:—"When the gang that calls itself the Government of the United States, loans \$60,000,000 of money raked in from overtaxed farmers and business men to the National Bankers without usury or interest, and the bankers loan it out, through confidential agents, to struggling farmers in the West, at two per cent. a month, we don't see why the 'Government' does not more completely organize to enslave labor."

The language of Kansas farmers as expressed in the following report of a meeting in Ottawa Co., Kansas, is worth quoting, because nothing of that sort reaches the readers of the metropolitan press of the East. I copy from the *Non-Conformist* of Winfield, Kansas, May 1, 1890.

ENEMIES, TRAITORS, ARE THE LAW-MAKERS OF THE PAST TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS. NO MORE PETITIONS, NO MORE PRAYERS, BUT DEMANDS THAT CALL FOR ACTION OR BLOOD. GIVE YOUR PEOPLE RELIEF OR ANSWER THE CONSEQUENCES. NO MORE TAXES OR INTEREST AFTER DECEMBER 1ST.

The Garrisonian movement was distinctly a movement of peace and non-resistance, and its leader, when his face was slapped, and his nose pulled, in Ohio, philosophically expressed the hope that his assailant was satisfied; but that movement was, notwithstanding, a torch to light the fires of civil war, and a great deal of the modern discussion of social evils goes to strengthen the power that is destined to fill our land with the horrors of civil war. I do not mean that the aggressive power of the organizing masses is the sole power concerned, for on the other side is the aggressive power of plutocracy, and political corruption managed by financial schemers, which is already regarded by millions as the serpent that must be crushed. The financial managers of our politics do not

DIST. 41, OTTAWA CO., KAN., April 7.

At a mass meeting of the citizens of Ottawa and Cloud Counties, Kansas, George Walker was chosen president, J. M. Peet, secretary. . . . The meeting was a grand success—good speeches, brass band and martial music, combined with the greatest enthusiasm ever witnessed.

J. M. PEET, Sec'y.

Following are the resolutions—

When in the course of events it becomes necessary for the farmers, for self-protection, to ignore a law made by and through the dictation of British lords, and sanctioned by a tyrannical Congress, claiming to be the servants and representatives of the people, when in reality every act is antagonistic to the interests of the producers of the country and tends to centralize capital in the hands of a few: In pursuing the course we do, it requires that we should declare the causes that impel our action. We declare, as did our patriotic fathers, these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and to secure these rights we will use all just means in our power.

The history of the United States for the past twenty-eight years is a history of repeated injuries, tyranny, and usurpation, unparalleled in the history of the world, and all laws enacted having a direct object, viz., to establish a landed and monied aristocracy on the ruins of once free America. We claim that our pretended representatives have refused their assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the producers and laboring classes, and in their stead made laws in the interest of British lords, Wall Street bullionists, National banks, railroad and other corporations. Among these laws made are (1) the exception clause on the people's money, that depreciated it 50 per cent.; (2) the credit-strengthening act of 1869; (3) the repeal of the income tax, thereby taking the burdens of taxation off the rich and placing it on the poor; (4) the funding scheme to prevent the people from paying their debts, in order to perpetuate usury; (5) the demonetization of silver; (6) the resumption of specie payment when we had none to pay with; (7) the giving to rich railroad corporations more than 215,000,000 acres of the people's land; (8) the appropriation of 6 per cent. 30-year bonds to the same corporations, which amount to \$119,963,000 cash, principal and interest. They have made laws that compel us to pay double interest; first, interest on the bonds, then interest on the national bank notes. The law that enables the banks to contract or inflate the currency at will, thereby leaving us at the mercy of a soulless corporation of a monied aristocracy. For twenty-eight years we have patiently submitted to these outrages; we have petitioned our pretended representatives for relief, in the most humble terms, only to be answered by repeated injuries. Now, as petitions and long, patient suffering avail nothing, we must therefore

realize what a vast multitude do now believe most earnestly and angrily, that the legislation of financiers and politicians has destroyed their prosperity, has robbed the people of several thousand millions, and furnished the major part of the princely fortunes that tower above the common plane of humanity and threaten the stability of the republic, for the Jeffersonian republic cannot stand on a "prince and pauper" basis, or a mighty landlordry and an humble, rack-rented tenantry. The profound scorn with which this class of ideas, and the arguments and records leading to such conclusions, are regarded in the dominions of which Wall Street is the metropolis, indicate no possibility of harmonizing the contend-

denounce our representatives as enemies and traitors to our interests, and laws made by them as destructive to life, liberty, and happiness (as evidenced by the deplorable condition of our country), and do not merit the respect of liberty-loving people. You have confiscated and wrecked thousands of homes, made millions of paupers; you have pillaged our cities, destroyed our commerce, wrecked fortunes, blasted the hopes of producers and laborers, and revel in luxury on what you have unjustly wrrenched from them; you have expelled our foreign customers and filled the country with tramps, tears, and mortgages; you have deprived us of the means of self-preservation by placing in the hands of corporations and syndicates, and giving them the absolute monopoly of the land, forests, mines, minerals, money, banks, and transportation, and through your unjust discriminations we are unable to meet our obligations; therefore, once more, we appeal to you for help; once more we ask you to issue legal tender currency and loan it to us at 2 1-2 per cent., to the amount of one-half the value of our farms, in order that we may extricate ourselves from the deplorable condition your unjust legislation has forced us into, and save our homes from confiscation—homes that we have struggled for years to beautify and make pleasant. This is the only remedy and it is in your power to grant it. Can we depend on you, or will you, as before, turn a deaf ear to our cries? Our homes are dear to us. You can save them for us without loss or risk to the country. Will you do it? or must we be ruthlessly shorn of all for the gratification of avarice and greed? We demand prompt action, as delay is ruinous. If you fail in granting this request, you are jeopardizing the peace of the country, for we declare by the heavens and earth that this wholesale robbery and *confiscation of homes must stop*. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. The people are being robbed of their birthright. God made land, air, and sunshine for His children, and not for coupon-clippers, usurers, and idlers, to the exclusion of others. We ask all men who love justice and mercy to stand by us in our struggles against monopoly.

In view of the above facts and statements, which are true, and the condition of the country bears evidence of its truth, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That after the first day of December, 1890, we will pay no more taxes, coupon interest, or mortgage indebtedness, unless the Government aid us in procuring the money, as above mentioned, or in any other manner equally favorable.

RESOLVED, That this organization of home defenders should be general throughout the United States, and that every honorable means should be used in pushing the organization.

RESOLVED, That the success of this organization is the only hope of a mortgage-cursed and tax-ridden people, and we appeal to our brother farmers, laborers, and other producers, to join us in our efforts to be free.

The paper that reported this meeting was illustrated by a picture of a congressman making promises to the people, betraying them at Washington, and on his return seized, tarred, feathered, and hung.

ing parties, one of which is and has been *in* and the other angrily recognizes that it is *out*. Mrs. Partington's problem as to the effect when an irresistible force meets an immovable obstruction is the problem that our nation will soon be engaged in solving. The poison of vindictive anger has entered the life current of the nation, and it is to be observed that when the Chicago Anarchists as they were called, who had so large a following of sympathizers and admirers, were on trial for their lives, they scorned to utter one word of conciliation or peace. The whole drift of their defence conveyed the idea of terrible wrongs which they were justifiable in meeting with bloody violence.

A volume would be required to show by innumerable disturbances in every State in the Union the turbulent and dangerous character of a large portion of our population and the slight causes that are necessary to put it in motion. The Ku-Klux and the White Caps are the outcroppings of a turbulent spirit, which is generally stronger than the law and order element if it be aroused, and the bloody Astor Place riot in May, 1849, on account of a quarrel between Forest and Macready, is a fair representation of the inflammable nature of our people. To this we must add in times of disturbance, the existence of a large class of unimprisoned felons, who at all times require a large police force to keep them down. Society, like the pleasing surface of our globe, conceals at all times a subterranean fire which disturbance brings to the surface.

But one thing is necessary to insure a conflict. The armies must be gathered and organized in two hostile camps, for mobs do not make war. The organizing is going on now as never before in the world's history. The labor party, the anti-capital party, will soon embrace from one to two millions of men, bound together by common interest, common sympathies, and common hatred of everything hostile to their interests, with a strong conviction that they are an oppressed class and small patience with their oppressors, while the consciousness of their physical power will encourage a defiant and uncompromising attitude. In such a condition the disturbances or mobs which are usually local and temporary, electrify the mass and become a national convulsion. A single individual may become the immediate cause of a civil war.

Thousands are to-day impressed with the approaching dangers. The facts that should alarm them are conspicuous. The industrial classes in both city and country are profoundly discontented. The Western farmers are not alone in their suffering. The decline in New York has been so great that State Assessor Wood, in 1889, expressed the opinion that "in a few decades there will be none but tenant farmers in this State." While the farmers are going down and near four-fifths of the city of New York live in tenement-houses, the plutocracy is going up, the gulf is widening between wealth and poverty,—between the man who may be arrested as a tramp for being out of work, and the millionaire who spends \$700,000 on a stable for his horses! "A great change is coming," says Wm. Barry in the *Forum*. "Our rich men," says Bishop Spalding, "and they are numerous and their wealth is great, their number and their wealth will increase,—but our rich men *must do their duty or perish*. *I tell you in America we will not tolerate vast wealth in the hands of men who do nothing for the people.*" "These plutocrats," said Bishop Potter last year, "are the enemies of religion as they are of the State." Gen. Bryce (of Congress) expressed last year the idea that fills the popular mind with anger, speaking of "an unbridled plutocracy caused, created, and cemented in no slight degree by legislative, aldermanic, and congressional action; a plutocracy that is far more wealthy than any aristocracy that has ever crossed the horizon of the world's history, and one that has been produced in a shorter consecutive period; the names of whose members are emblazoned, not on the pages of their nation's glory, but of its peculations . . . and whose octopus grip is extending over every branch of industry." Even the cautious President Cleveland asked: "What is to be the end of this?" But the alarm in high quarters is little compared to the angry murmurs among the millions.

A romance entitled "Cæsar's Column" has just been published to show that the warfare of selfishness in our present society must end a hundred years hence in the total bloody destruction of American civilization. It is a gigantic extravaganza, but earnestly and seriously written. But the crisis is much nearer and much less horrible. The President of the National Farmers' Alliance says of this work that his only criticism is that "The author has postponed the catastrophe

a hundred years. Unless the power of money to oppress is modified or destroyed very soon, *the present generation will witness the crash.*"

Can the war cloud be calmly surveyed from our present position, to determine when the fury of the storm shall burst and what will be the extent of its ravages? The comfortable souls who do not see the coming storm are not as numerous, relatively, at this time as they were before Lincoln was elected President, or when a Southern leader offered to drink all the blood that would be shed.

To those who anticipate the coming crash, I would suggest that it is not impossible to predict its advent. The solar system and the stars are not the only realities of which a future may be predicted from the past. They are governed by laws of periodicity which are very accurately defined and which are seldom affected by any complex data. Hence astronomical calculations have the highest degree of certainty and precision. That we are not equally positive and definite in the calculation of terrestrial events is due to the immense number of the factors and their clashing with each other.

Yet periodicity is the universal law of nature. The periods of human or animal life, the periods of vegetation, the periods of diseases, and even the periods of climatic, agricultural, and commercial fluctuations are beginning to be studied and understood.* If the moon has a definite relation to the female constitution and the progress of diseases, may there not be an infinite number of periodical relations from a multitude of causes, which investigation would reveal?

I am entirely sure that such periodical relations exist in reference to man, and for more than thirty years have been studying their applicability to human life, and have often astonished those to whom, upon our first acquaintance, I have spoken of the conditions of their past life and my prognostication as to the future.

These laws of periodicity apply with still greater force to nations, and especially denote their periods of calamity, with greater certainty, as there are fewer conflicting factors in

* May 30. There has been considerable dabbling in theories of periodicity without any knowledge of its fundamental laws. The Boston *Herald* says to-day: "Ten years have gone by since this last great change, and if the doctrine of periodicity is worth anything, we ought to be experiencing another great trade revival, and there are a number of reasons for believing this is the case."

reference to the destiny of nations, than in reference to the fate of individuals. Such, at least, is my conviction, and I am willing to risk my reputation as a scientist upon the predictions which my theory justifies in reference to events in the next twenty-five years.

The science of periodicity as explored by myself indicates three periods of calamity for the United States. The first was well verified in the terrific earthquake of New Madrid, the greatest yet known in our history,* and the immediately following war with England, and the prolonged financial depression and other calamities which followed.

As the second period approached, I had sufficient confidence in 1859, to publish in the *Louisville Journal* (edited by the brilliant George D. Prentice) my conviction that we were soon to enter a period of six years of national calamity, which was terribly verified in the war of secession or rebellion.

Now we are approaching a third and still more calamitous period, which I have long anticipated, and its near approach as I foresee it (though still remote and doubtful in the popular mind) prompts me to place on record the date of the coming cataclysm which *in its magnitude and horror will surpass anything of which authentic history has preserved a record!*

Do not ask me, kind reader, how I have reached so positive a conviction. A brief magazine essay does not afford room or occasion to explain or to vindicate a peculiar philosophy unfamiliar to the reading public. I have already said that my conviction is based on a positive, scientific law of periodicity, tested for over thirty years, but not published or taught, though I expect to place it on record for posterity; but so tremendous an announcement should not be made from any limited data. It should be tested in every possible way before giving it to the public, and it has been tested. The parallax is established and the telescope is positive in its revelations.

I shall speak with absolutely fearless candor my opinions as to the coming future, and as for the self-complacent

* This great earthquake, extending over an area three or four hundred miles in diameter, and creating lakes where the surface subsided, continued from January 6, 1812, to January 26th, when the subterranean fire broke out in the destruction of Caraccas. The earthquake area of the United States embraces the Atlantic coast, the Pacific coast, and the valley of the Mississippi.

gentlemen who have no toleration, and but little respect, for anything outside of their own inherited philosophy, which they had no hand in making, I can reciprocate their smiles, and add that "he laughs best who laughs last."

It has long been known to the truly enlightened that there is a higher sphere of thought and wisdom than that which is concerned in matters of sense and in worldly ambition or avarice. There is a prophetic power in the human soul, which, though like angels' visits, "few and far between," is a wonderful enlightenment and blessing when it comes. The great London fire was foreseen by George Fox; the career of Josephine was foretold before she left the West Indies, and the terrible fate of the French aristocracy and royal family was announced to their consternation by Cazotte, just before the revolution broke out. The secession war of 1861 was prophesied more than thirty years previously by the Quaker Joseph Hoag. Our religious records demand faith in prophecies and prophetic gifts, and Cicero, like other philosophic thinkers of the past, recognized a prophetic power in the human mind which has always been recognized in popular belief.

Those who have heretofore given just attention to my authorship in the "Manual of Psychometry," and other works, will recollect my published and verified predictions of the deaths of Alexander, Garibaldi, and Disraeli; of the pacification of Ireland when revolution was thought to be impending; of the preservation of peace in Europe when the great military and political leaders were anticipating war and every despatch was threatening; of the conservative course of the present German Emperor, who was expected to endanger Europe, and of general peace throughout the world within five years of the prediction. The verification of these predictions entitles my present forecasts to at least respectful consideration.

It cannot be denied that coming events often "cast their shadows before," and as the *mirage* sometimes portrays a city a hundred miles away, so does a strange reflection or refraction of the potential future bring it to that class of minds which we call prophetic. There is a realm of telepathic mind, which scientists are beginning to suspect and to seek. In the realm of mystery, I have been a student for half a century, for the purpose of bringing the marvellous and

mysterious under the jurisdiction of scientific law. But as the public either cares nothing for such matters, or if it dabbles in them, does it in a spirit of blind credulity, I do not fraternize with such a public, for I have no more sympathy with thoughtless credulity than with stupid skepticism. But on a great occasion like the present, I venture to speak for sufficient reasons of that which occult psychic philosophy and the study of unsuspected laws of nature has brought before me.

Our convulsionary period is approaching. The next presidential election will develop enough of the riotous element North and South, but especially in the North, to give us warning.

The political horizon has many portents of hurricane weather. The people have left the government to professional politicians, and they are widely dissatisfied with the result. The Republican party will be hurled from power. A Democratic administration will come in and that, too, will fail to give satisfaction. It will be succeeded by what may be called the labor party.* But our political doctors, even when well meaning, are generally utterly inadequate to the treatment of the formidable fever which is now approaching, and all will be in vain, the contending elements will not be harmonized. There will be as little spirit of peaceful arbitration now as in 1861.

The *spirit* of NATIONALISM, universal fraternity, is, of course, the remedy that we need, and the fevered patient would be cured if he could be induced to take the remedy. But the *measures* of Nationalism without its spirit will not become our remedy; and the attempt to introduce its measures will make a new discussion with but little influence upon the rising storm. The writer has a very decisive measure to offer which will not allay the storm but for which the storm will prepare the country, and it will come into operation when the storm has ended.

The twentieth century will be ushered in with increasing agitation and discontent, not because the reasons therefor

* Readers who look only to the metropolitan press have no idea of the imminence of the great change. I would merely mention that the Farmers' Alliance—a body tired of the old parties and looking only to the interests of the industrial masses—which had but five members in 1884, and those in Texas had 265,000 in 1887, and in December, 1889, organizing as the "National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union," it claimed a membership of three millions which is regarded as representing a population of ten millions!

are increasing, but because men are becoming inflamed by brooding over the social condition, the contrast of princely wealth and abject poverty. Poverty is never wise to prevent evils, but it can vote and it can fight, and it will do both.*

How high the agitation will rise in the next eighteen years it would not be safe to predict, but during that time it will be increased by the war in Europe, which will come on near the beginning of the twentieth century and end in the destruction of monarchy. Nineteen years hence war or quasi war will appear in this country and the convulsion will not be arrested until about 1916. The six years prior to that date will be by far the most calamitous that America has ever known.

I might give a lurid description of the horrible scene that rises before me, but I have said enough. It will be a labor and capital war intermingled with a religious element of discord and with a mixture of the race question from the presence of a powerful negro element confronting the Caucasian negro-phobia. It will be a dreary triumph of the destructive elements, compelling a new departure for the future and a more thorough democracy. The Church as a power will be thoroughly shattered, for the power in this revolution has outgrown the old Bible. The fetters of the past will be shaken off — the marriage relation approximated to freedom, for the drift of the future is that way and beyond. The

* The gentle optimistic souls and *laissez faire* philosophers who cannot realize our dangers, would be enlightened by reading the able and plausible work just published, of Henry D. Lloyd, entitled "A Strike of Millionaires against Miners, or the story of Spring Valley," which shows how a combination of plutocrats bought up the farm lands at Spring Valley, Illinois, sold them out as city lots under the promise of opening coal mines and building up a great city, giving steady employment to 2,000 miners, and after over 2,000 miners with their families had settled there and bought a large number of lots, and were working at low wages, suddenly in 1889, closed the mines without notice or explanation or any promises for the future, reducing the great mass of the population in a few months to such pitiful destitution and suffering, that the whole surrounding country was compelled to exert itself to prevent starvation, and carloads of provisions were sent from Chicago, accompanied by its Mayor Cregier and Congressman Lawler. The story is pathetic and painful, and the only motive of the cruel proceeding appears in the subsequent proposition of the coal company after the miners were starved into humility, to take them back singly at about half their former low wages. A story of grinding rapacity seldom equalled.

When laboring men throughout this country read this narrative, if their blood does not boil, they are not average specimens of the American citizen. The author is unsparring in his stern denunciations, and gives the names of a number of the wealthy stockholders upon whom he charges this crime, asserting, too, that it is but parallel to similar crimes committed at Braidwood, Ill., at Tunxsutawney, at Scranton, Pa., at Brazil, Ia., at Hocking Valley, Ohio, and at the Reading collieries, supporting his statements by reports of committees. There is no better evidence of the impending crisis than this little volume.

x The Bible is as new now as when it was written, though the understanding (interpretation) of it changes.

Time!
cycle of woman is approaching, and that will be full compensation for the horrors through which we are to pass. But Biblical Christianity is nearing its end. The twentieth century will witness its expiring struggles, and the twenty-first will witness the existence of a religion in which all that was good in the past will survive. "Time's noblest offspring is the last." It will not ignore the dawn of Christianity, nor the principles of Jesus.

Nature, too, is preparing many calamities for us. As the destruction of forests goes on, our floods increase in power, and large regions are threatened with barrenness, as in the old world for the same reason desolation has come upon Syria, once like a vast garden of Eden, and upon the northern provinces of Africa, and is now invading Greece, Sicily, Southern France, and Spain. The American statesman has not yet learned that the woodman's axe is a far greater menace to our future than foreign cannon.

Our huge Mississippi has already converted its shores into a vast inland sea, and the levee system of restraining it is proved a failure, which may continually grow more and more disastrous as it has in China and in Italy, for the engineering talent to meet the crisis has not yet appeared in action either there or here. The Yang-tse-Kiang has become the scourge of China, overwhelming in its last flood three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and near a million lives. The Mississippi is becoming our scourge.

And formidable, too, will be the power in the air, the terrible cyclones and the strange seasons that are coming among our calamities, when the warmth of summer shall fail, and the bounties of agriculture be denied us. The outer world is disordered, and if a huge meteorite should fall in the Wabash Valley this summer, recollect that I have said it is probable.* The coming summer will be marked by destructive cyclones, especially in the West, and the neighborhood of Kansas City will suffer.† The cold seasons coming twelve or fourteen years hence and crushing agriculture will add greatly to our social calamities, and the fierce discontent

* The fall of a meteorite on that region about a week after this had been written looks like a confirmation.

† [Two very distinct and peculiar prophecies of Dr. Buchanan for the coming year are for sufficient reasons omitted from publication at present.—ED. ARENA.]

that prepares men for war. I venture to predict also a very sickly summer this year and great increase of mortality, fully doubling the usual harvest of death, mainly by prostrating abdominal diseases with some tendency to paralysis. Those who fail to take good care of themselves will suffer.

In the midst of all these horrors of war and floods, a terrible climax will be reached in a geological convulsion compared to which the earthquakes of New Madrid, of Java, of Lisbon, and Caraccas will seem unimportant.

Very few have a just conception of our earthquake liabilities. The crust of the earth, floating upon a fiery sea of molten matter might be compared to a microscopic pellicle on the surface of an egg without a shell. A comparatively trivial disturbance in this would wreck a continent, as Atlantis was wrecked. A wave agitation, the hundredth part of one per cent. of its depth would shatter the entire surface of the globe, even if it did not make a convulsion by the in-pouring oceans upon the fiery mass. The phenomena of earthquakes illustrate this. They resemble the agitation of a floating crust, producing a shock and wave which is transmitted with sudden rapidity hundreds of miles. All earthquakes send out the quick vibrations which would be impossible if the earth were a solid body. The continent lies floating on a bed of fire, and exists only because there are no storms to disturb the fire. The continent is not like a ship floating on the ocean,—a compact body,—for the continent has no cohesion worth mentioning and would drop to pieces like a floating island in a storm. The convulsion may be produced by astronomic irregularities, or by the explosion arising from the access of water to the subterranean fire as recently in Japan, or anything else to disturb equilibrium. The immense exhaustion of oil wells and boring for gas which blows forth in enormous power and quantity cannot go on for half a century without a serious disturbance of equilibrium.

Equilibrium is continually being disturbed. A change of one inch in the barometer represents a variation of seventy-two pounds to every foot of the surface of the earth beneath it, making a weight of over 1,843 millions of pounds to the square mile. Three feet of ocean tide represents an additional weight of more than 2,380,000 tons to the square mile. This is a very trivial amount compared to the attractions of the sun and moon over the entire surface of the globe.

Hence this supposed solid globe is continually quivering and shaking. An average of two shakings or earthquakes daily is reported by seismologists, aside from the special allowance of two a day to Japan, and according to Boussingault, the chain of South American Andes is never still. There is a terrible earthquake belt along the northern coast of South America (which sympathetically responds to the valley of the Mississippi), and along Central America, which is even surpassed by the volcanic belt from Java along the eastern coast of Asia, and between the two the Pacific Ocean is anything but pacific, as we shall realize about twenty-four years hence, when its foundations will be agitated to our peril.

But how different is the ocean from this globe of liquid fire, 8,000 miles in diameter! A spirited poem in the *Dublin University Magazine* spoke thus of the ocean: —

Likeness of heaven, agent of power!
 Man is thy victim, shipwreck thy dower.
 Spices and jewels from valley and sea,
 Armies and banners are buried in thee.
 Ah! what are the riches of Mexico's mines
 To the wealth that far down in thy deep waters shines?
 The proud navies that cover the conquering West
 Thou flingest to death with one heave of thy breast,
 From the high hills that view thy wreck-making shore
 When the bride of the mariner lists to thy roar;
 How humbling to one with a heart and a soul,
 To look on thy greatness and list to its roll,
 And think how that heart in cold ashes shall be
 While the voice of eternity rises from thee!

But the sea of fire beneath our feet has no such solemn and poetic associations. Its agitation brings nothing but an infinite horror in which a sudden death is our happiest fate.

If the order of the astronomic universe permits the near approach of any wandering body to the earth, the sea of fire must be disturbed and the continents wrecked, and we have no assurance that it will not occur. It was some such an astronomic event that whirled the earth from its position, changed its poles, and overwhelmed its tropical climates in ice over 100,000 years ago. If any such disturbance occurs now it will be in our time of calamity from 1910 to 1916. Let astronomers observe.

The great mass of our continent, and especially its northern portion, are comparatively safe, but our Atlantic seaboard is not. It is safe to say that OUR ATLANTIC COAST IS DOOMED!! Whenever I am on the Atlantic border a strong foreboding comes to me that our countrymen living there only a few feet above the ocean level are in a perilous position. A tidal wave might destroy the entire population of our coast, and a slight sinking of the shore would be still more fatal. For ten years I have been looking to such possibilities, and their imminence has compelled me to study the question profoundly.

That we are floating in a perilous proximity to death was shown in the New Madrid earthquake of 1811, and the recent Charleston earthquake, which sent its vibrations many hundred miles. I do not think that any able geologist would dare to assert the safety of our Atlantic Coast, and I hope there will be no *crazy* investment of millions in forts and cannon on that coast, for they would line the bottom of the sea long before any hostile fleet shall appear. What shall become of the millionaire palaces is not a distressing question, except to their owners, but the huge buildings for manufacturing industry are a public concern, and I hope the enterprising will not be tempted to locate any more on the dangerous lowlands. I have not been seeking geological facts on this subject, but I believe it is conceded that New York or Manhattan Island is *very slowly sinking* at present, and the subsidence is greater on the Jersey coast, as an intelligent citizen of that State, an observer and traveller, told me that a subsidence of three feet had been recognized at Atlantic City.* But it will be no such slow subsidence that will destroy the coast. It will be a sudden calamity.

Permit me now, without giving my chief (and private) reasons after showing the possibilities and probabilities I have mentioned, to announce my firm conviction that in the midst of our coming civil war, THE ATLANTIC COAST WILL BE WRECKED by submergence and tidal waves from the borders of New England to the southern borders of the Gulf of Mexico. There will be no safety below the hills.

It is with great hesitation and reluctance that I have consented to present this horrid panorama; but truth should be

* Large areas of the globe are undergoing subsidence, especially on the southern shores of the Baltic Sea, the west coast of Greenland, and the western portion of the Pacific Ocean.

our paramount aim, and if there be, as I maintain, any science which can look into the future, its proper presentation is by the statement of the future, so far in advance of the event as to constitute a decisive test. Here, then, is my statement.

Every seaboard city south of New England that is not more than fifty feet above the sea level of the Atlantic coast is destined to a destructive convulsion. Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, St. Augustine, Savannah, and Charleston are doomed. Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City, and New York will suffer in various degrees in proportion as they approximate the sea level. Brooklyn will suffer less, but the destruction at New York and Jersey City will be the grandest horror.

The convulsion will probably begin on the Pacific coast, and perhaps extend in the Pacific toward the Sandwich Islands. The shock will be terrible, with great loss of life, extending from British Columbia down along the coast of Mexico, but the conformation of the Pacific coast will make its grand tidal wave far less destructive than on the Atlantic shore. Nevertheless it will be calamitous. Lower California will suffer severely along the coast. San Diego and Colorado will suffer severely, *especially the latter*.

It may seem very rash to anticipate the limits of the destructive force of a foreseen earthquake, but there is no harm in testing the prophetic power of Science in the complex relations of nature and man. These predictions will be very interesting in less than twenty-five years, and if quite successful, they will give a powerful impulse to the development of that long-neglected and despised faculty—the divinest faculty in man, which imitates omniscience in grasping the future,—a faculty which when manifested by the humble is treated by ignorant legislators as an intentional fraud and impossibility, though the very same persons will listen with profoundest reverence to what some ancient Jew predicted would occur after a time, and a time and a half a time. If there be any material failure in these predictions, the cause will be sought and future predictions made with greater care. The venture now is not rash, for past experience and success of prior predictions justify this bolder venture. I have a record of many successful scientific (not astrological) predictions of earthquakes and epidemics by others, but do not understand the basis of their calculations.

As to predictions, a volume might be filled with examples of the successful and exact prevision by individuals of their own future. Gen. Bem, of Hungary, over forty years ago had a prevision of the exact date of his own death, which was verified when he died. I published the prevision in the "Journal of Man" long before its fulfilment. As to predictions or previsions of earthquakes, they are very numerous, and some of them very scientific. The near approach of an earthquake has often been felt by human beings and by animals. It is stated in the Philosophical Transactions that the New England earthquakes from 1827 to 1847 were often recognized by persons as they approached by the peculiar sensations they felt. In South America, the approach of earthquakes has caused dogs and horses to fly from the locality, and in one case great flocks of seabirds came flying inland.

Many successful predictions have been made, and Professor Milne maintains that by thorough investigation we may be able to predict the approach of earthquakes and give public warning, as is now done for storms. The Bishop of Ischia saved many lives by predicting the earthquake shock of 1843, and the Capuchin Fathers gave warning of the approach of the shock of 1850 at Melchi. The great earthquake shock at Lima was predicted by one Viduari then confined as a prisoner. But predictions are skilfully made on scientific data. Professor Milne warned his friends at Yokohama a few hours before the shock of Feb. 22, 1880.

Professor Rudolf Falb, of Vienna, has gained great reputation by scientific predictions — the first great success was in predicting the destructive shock at Belluno, June 29, 1873, affecting Northern Italy, when fifty lives were lost. He also gave warning of an eruption of Etna, which occurred in 1874, as predicted. These predictions were based chiefly upon astronomical science. It is well established by very extensive inductions that earthquakes are largely controlled by the positions of the sun and moon. If the mass of the earth be, as many believe, in a molten or fluid condition, it must be affected like the ocean by solar and lunar attractions. Professor Perrey, of Dijon, says that earthquakes are most frequent at the new and full moon, — when the moon is nearest the earth, and when the sun is on the meridian. His views have been confirmed by the Academy of Sciences.

The records of earthquakes show that they are more frequent at the equinoxes. Professor Falb, by elaborate calculations, arrives at the conclusion that there was a great terrestrial flood 4000 B. C., and will be another A. D. 6400.

Calculations that embrace remote periods require profound astronomical study. A Japanese writer, Tensho, in a work entitled "Jishin Setsu," claims that the movements of twenty-eight constellations have a determining influence on earthquakes; and Falb goes so far as to maintain that all future earthquakes may be predicted, in which I agree with him. The late L. L. Chapman of Philadelphia, quite an original mathematical genius, claims to have successfully and accurately predicted the occurrence of over fifty earthquakes. The destruction of cities which I anticipate, seems to be twenty-four years ahead — it may be twenty-three. It will be sudden and brief — all within an hour and not far from noon. Starting from the Pacific coast as already described, it will strike southward — a mighty tidal wave and earthquake shock will develop in the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea. It will strike the western coast of Cuba and severely injure Havana. Our sister republic, Venezuela, bound to us in destiny by the law of periodicity, will be assailed by the encroaching waves and terribly shaken by the earthquake. The destruction of her chief city, Caraccas, will be greater than in 1812, when twelve thousand were said to be destroyed. The coming shock will be very near total destruction.

From South America back to the United States, all Central America and Mexico are severely shaken; Vera Cruz suffers with great severity, but the City of Mexico realizes only a severe shock. Tampico and Matamoras suffer severely; Galveston is overwhelmed; New Orleans is in a dangerous condition, — the question arises between total and partial destruction. I will only say it will be an awful calamity. If the tidal wave runs southward, New Orleans may have only its rebound. The shock and flood pass up the Mississippi, from 100 to 150 miles, and strike Baton Rouge with destructive force.

As it travels along the Gulf Shore, Mobile will probably suffer most severely and be more than half destroyed; Pensacola somewhat less. Southern Florida is probably entirely submerged and lost; St. Augustine severely injured;

Charleston will probably be half submerged, and Newbern suffer more severely; Port Royal will probably be wiped out; Norfolk will suffer about as much as Pensacola; Petersburg and Richmond will suffer, but not disastrously; Washington will suffer in its low grounds; Baltimore and Annapolis much more severely; Philadelphia will suffer severely on its water-front, its spires will topple and its large buildings be injured; but I do not think its grand City Hall will be destroyed. Probably the injury will not affect more than one-fourth. But along the New Jersey coast the damage will be great. Atlantic City and Cape May may be destroyed, but Long Branch will be protected by its bluff from any severe calamity. The rising waters will affect Newark, and Jersey City will be the most unfortunate of large cities, everything below its heights being overwhelmed. New York below the Post Office and Trinity Church will be flooded, and all its water margins will suffer.

What shall we see after the crash and the war? The divers and wreckers will be busy in saving some of the submerged wealth. Politicians after the war will look for the crushed fragments of their demolished parties, but the people, the common people, will be a democratic power that the world has never seen. The measures which Nationalism hopes to introduce by clubs will be introduced by war. The rebellion against the old order of society will be in conflict with government, and conservative government will seem to put it down, but as it crushes it spreads, and finally triumphs in demolishing every form of monopoly. The people by *their* government will hold the railroads, the mines, the transportation, the money, the great manufactures and the great products, grain, cotton, tobacco, etc., and supply consumers at cost. But at what a terrible cost of human life will these results be attained, and how terrific the destruction in our great cities.

Europe, too, has its great calamity, but secondary in importance to that of America. The beginning of the tragedy will approach with the beginning of the century and the war develop in about fifteen years. Two years of sanguinary revolution will be her volcanic outburst from the pent-up fires that are smouldering now in human bosoms (and in the fiery sea that supplies Vesuvius), for Europe has not the statesmanship that could meet its crisis,—neither has

America. The result will be THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF MONARCHY, an effete absurdity which the enlightened have outgrown. Every throne will be destroyed except that of the "sick man in Europe." The Sultan will remain, and the German Emperor will yield slowly to the progress of constitutional government. Victoria may not survive 1890; but it is possible her vitality will carry her into 1891. Her physicians will not be able to understand her condition or to overcome it. The tendency will be to an apoplectic shock and comatose condition, in which she will pass away. The gentlemanly Wales will have a short reign, for England is ripe for a change, and he will realize the propriety of an abdication. Ten years after his mother's death will probably end his life. England will be more fortunate than the continent, on which the situation will be grandly melodramatic, for after torrents of blood and demolished thrones have roused the world,—the limitless power of the globe introduces the GRAND CLIMAX in a terrific convulsion of the entire Mediterranean region, the coasts of Africa, Spain, France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and the Archipelago. Exhausted nature and exhausted humanity will then end their struggles. Long before that time arrives (Pope Leo) and Czar Alexander will have disappeared. July will be a dangerous month to the health of the pope. He will not last two years, probably not one. Neither will Alexander be in existence two years from now,—a death by violence seems to be his destiny. Less than three years will end the official career and personal existence of the two who stand at the head of this administration of the Republican party. The President will be the last of the two to take his departure.

Italy, which is at this time troubled by priestly machinations for the restoration of the pope's temporal power, of which the public will soon hear (though I believe the press is not yet aware), will suffer severely in the shock and the inroads of the sea along her coasts. Rome will not escape, and Naples will suffer. Egypt will be more unfortunate,—Cairo and Alexandria half destroyed, and the Suez Canal demolished,—its bed washed out. The maritime cities of the Levant will be nearly destroyed,—Palestine and Asia Minor suffer, and even Constantinople be badly shaken, though Greece, the favorite of the gods, will seem to be

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shielded. Here we drop the curtain, as the tragedy is over in Europe.

And now, kind reader, I presume it will be as difficult for you as it was for me to realize these horrors. It will be still more difficult for the ingenious gentlemen who write to entertain the public, and who manufacture fictions designed to catch the unwary, or devote themselves to sensationalism or to pseudo-philosophies concocted of imagination. They may suppose that I have entered their guild, for they do not know that I would like to demolish it.

Difficult as it may be to realize these things, I am compelled to believe them, because they are demonstrated by the sciences that I have esoterically cultivated. You have not that evidence, and must therefore doubt, as I should in your position,—indeed I should be inclined to call it a distempered fancy. So would Herculaneum and Pompeii have regarded the scientist if he had been able to predict their destruction. Being in the fourth quarter of my century, I cannot expect to live to see more than the approach of the grand calamities that I foresee; but perhaps this record now made may be instructive to those who follow me.

To those who have faith in my judgment, especially the readers of my works, I would say do not remain more than fifteen years on the lowlands of the Atlantic coast, south of New England. Keep fully five years between yourself and the great calamity, to be absolutely safe.

But there will be no important emigration from the coast. The great cities will go down with all their splendor and wealth, poverty and crime, and fierce men in the interior will rejoice in the calamity and death of millionaires.

But the continent with its new seacoast will be safer from convulsions, and seventy-five or eighty millions can spare one million without arresting their march to power and dominion.

Boston, May 11, 1890.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY OF LITERARY WOMEN.

BY MARION HARLAND.

THE opinion that women who make literature a profession unfit themselves for domestic life, antedates Dr. Johnson's dictum that "the study of Greek is incompatible with feminine delicacy." Milton's Eve, whose interest in the angelic visitant to her spouse was centred in the lunch *menu*, was a reproduced photograph, badly faded by time, of Solomon's wise woman. Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules*, and Paulding's *Azure Hose* are one-string symphonies in the same key.

Here and there, as the centuries roll, a woman is strong enough to withstand the deluge of popular prejudice. A Deborah judges the tribes for forty years, and leaves recorded as her proudest title, "A Mother in Israel"; a Sappho is remembered by her loves longer than by her songs; a Maria Mitchell and a Caroline Herschel pluck secrets from the stars, and remain very women in spite of the deteriorating influence of wisdom and genius; and — I may, and must add — without reversing the drift of the afore-named flood. The conviction that out of one material cannot be wrought learned or literary women, and good wives, and mothers, and housekeepers, may not be mighty because of oneness with truth, but it prevails. Less in degree than in the day when it was reckoned more disgraceful to read Latin than to spell badly, it is identical in kind with the leaven of Milton, Johnson, Molière, and Paulding.

Nor — and this is affirmed in the teeth of the stout contradiction of men of large mind and catholic sympathies, appreciative of large-minded people everywhere, irrespective of sex — is the sentiment these synonymize with prejudice, confined to the brutish illiterate. With the rank and file of masculine thinkers, and unthinking women, the conclusion that she whose "mind to her a kingdom is," must, of need, neglect the weightier matters of home affections, and homely duties, may be as illogical as to argue that, because a woman

has a pretty hand, she must have an ugly foot, — but the deduction holds its own, and the unreason is too common to be ignored. Women's congresses may moderate opposition to feminine progress, and the growing influence of women's clubs teach writer and speaker to veil sneers under the guise of gallantry. The unchanged belief works in the cavalier's system like the point of the broken needle that eventually makes its way to the surface with a prick as sharp as it is surprising.

Yet, educational journals quote at length, and *italically*, the saying of a college president that a university graduate can plough nearer to a stump without hitting it than the unlearned laborer. The majority of pundits and papers decline to explain how a knowledge of the Differential Calculus, or the ability to write one's vernacular clearly and forcibly hampers the woman who must season salads and sweep rooms. A few are magnanimous enough to reason the case. Let us, with responsive magnanimity, examine facts and deductions.

First, — and frankly, — let us admit that a just sense of proportion and the management of perspective in the consideration of a subject in the abstract and in the concrete is *not* a characteristic of the feminine mind. The training, or rather the non-training of ages, has had much to do with this defect, but, to some extent, it is inherent. Judgment bends to sympathy; emotion shakes conscience from the balance, unless when the question is, to our apprehension, one of positive right or unequivocal wrong. Men like their chosen professions. A woman *loves* hers; informs it with her personality, and, holding it to her heart, minifies everything else. Her book is her bantling. The throes that gave it birth belong to the maternal side of her nature, and whatever other gender-traits she may overcome, she never gets away from the consciousness that she is of the mother-sex.

The critic's caustic gibe as to the message that ought to meet visitors at the slow poet's door, after a day of seclusion and tied-up knocker, — "Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are doing well," — has more of fact than fancy in it where the figure is applied to woman's mental work. The production is *hers*, soul of her soul, and heart of her heart. The passion of maternity that made Miss Ferris's Mrs. Fairbairn, after

becoming a mother, cease to be anything else, accounts for more with the literary woman than she or her censors suspect. The slave of society has less excuse for neglect of household duties than the pen-wright. Mrs. Jellyby and Mrs. Pardiggle, made conservative and Christian, have no more when the written thing is worthy. It is, in the author's sight, of more consequence to her kind that she should write a poem to elevate other souls, or an essay that may reform a wrong, than that the pie-crust should be short, or John's socks darned with pious respect for alternate threads. The health of his wife's mind ought to be of more moment (if he loves her) than the condition of his linen.

Now — John likes flaky pastry, and to have socks and linen looked after in his mother's way. The dear old dame who hardly read one book a year, bored the dutiful son sometimes. If the truth were told, the monotony of housewifely homilies impelled him to admiration of the clever woman he afterward learned to love. In maturer manhood, he hankers after more savory flesh-pots than those prepared by untutored Bridget, while Hypatia nurses a fine frenzy in the locked sanctum above-stairs. Poetry is estimable in its way, and Hypatia a glorious creature in hers, to whom he feels constrained to apologize in naming buttons, or the rip in a fellow's pocket. Dingy soup is, of course, more tolerable when he has read on his way up-town, what the critics are saying of his wife's last and best book; but if clear *consommé* and a high order of intellect were not incompatible, John would be a happier, if not so wise a man.

Which leads by an air-line to the second tenable reason why the household presided over by a "professional woman" is subject to peculiar disorders.

Second. The *exactingness* of husbands.

The word is coined — if it be coinage — in no captious spirit. A man has a right to demand that his home should deserve the name. In accepting the estate and title of wifehood, his elect partner pledges herself solemnly to the performance of duties pertaining to the position. She defrauds him when she is no more in his life than an exemplary and "capable" unsalaried housekeeper, although this aspect of their relation is seldom studied in the right light. It is the nobler side of his nature which is cheated by a mere domestic drudge or a vapid society doll, or a shrewish gossip; when

the talk and thought of the home-circle are narrowed down to commonplaces, or such frothy discussion of people and events as supplies excitement and variety when higher themes are excluded.

Nevertheless, the physical man must be built up and fortified daily to resist recurrent assaults from the outside world. He is an exceptionally robust, or an exceptionally phlegmatic American citizen who does not come home every night, "fit to drop." The homely phrase tells it all. The blooded horse is he who falls in his tracks.

I foresee, having heard and answered it so often, the objection that the housemother has labored as hard and is as weary as he. I grant it — with a difference. Except when she has office hours in the city, even the woman who writes for a living toils under the shelter of the home-roof. She is *on the inside of the barricade*. How much is typified, how much realized in the mere environment of roof and walls, few women know until the dear refuge has crumbled away and left them in the open field. It has been said that Deity alone can comprehend the infinitely great and the finitely small. A woman must be mentally broad, and, in feeling, deep and tender, before she can content herself to spread cement as well as to carve stone. It is a horrible surprise to discover that her husband cannot live by her intellect alone, whereas the lover swore that it was victuals and drink to his whole being. Leaving out of sight the trifling truth that in the days of that love-making, his mother or landlady had his bodily case in charge, she reads in his apparent contempt for the product of her mind-kingdom, disloyalty to herself as his spouse. She must lay to intellect, and to her pride in and love of the fruits of intellect, the line and plummet of common sense, and study in calm diligence her specimen of the *genus homo*. Doing this, she will learn that her hungry John is, inwardly, as savagely impatient of brilliant epigram and unanswerable logic, when dinner is late or badly cooked, as Irish Mick who caresses his "woman" in like circumstances with leather strap or lid-lifter, and her tired John as incapable of appreciating a sonnet as if he had never learned to read.

More "cases of incompatibility" grow out of non-appreciation of these trite and simple facts than husbands, wives, and the courts that divorce them dream of.

Furthermore,—and to quote St. Paul, “I say this of mine own judgment,”—the husband, be he never so noble, and fond, and generous, is fatally apt to love his wife less when he sees her tower above and overshadow him. She is a part, and a secondary division of himself, and her overgrowth is an excrescence. He may, according to Dr. Holmes, be the stately ship that, without the brave little tug beside him, “would go down with the stream and be heard of no more;” but he keeps the toiling little craft upon the seaward side, well hidden from the admiring crowd on shore. Should she enlarge in bulk and increase in power so as to threaten to surpass his dimensions, there would not be room for both in the widest harbor of the world.

This may all be wrong and in flat opposition to the law of natural harmonies and mutual balance; but since it *is*, our literary woman must weigh the odds of disturbing causes in married life, as she calculates those of friction and gravitation in physics. Precedent and native aggressiveness have begotten in man this sort of absorptiveness that is satisfied with nothing short of “heart, soul, and strength.” Man’s mind, we are taught, is many-chambered. Business, politics, philanthropy, art, literature, love, and home, each has an allotted and lawful territory. In insisting that his wife shall have neither thought nor interest which he does not regulate and pervade, he makes her soul and intellect into a big lumber-loft, without other plan or use than to hold what he chooses to store there. Such husbands are not infrequently men of education and refinement, who, in most things, follow justice and incline to mercy.

I have lately re-read the life of Charlotte Brontë, and could find it in my heart to be glad that her married life was brief.

“Mr. Nicholls was not a man to be attracted by any kind of literary fame,” says Mrs. Gaskell. “I imagine that this, by itself, would rather repel him when he saw it in the possession of a woman. He was a grave, reserved, conscientious man, with a deep sense of religion, and of his duties as one of its ministers.”

“I believe,” writes Charlotte of the parish-work her husband laid out for her,—“it is not bad for me that his bent should be so wholly toward matters of real life and active usefulness,—so little inclined to the literary and contemplative.”

The effort after wifely (and cheerful) submission to the commonplace autocrat who "did not like to have her write" and led her, as in a leash, through the very routine of cottage visitations, chapel tea-drinkings, and school catechisings that had chafed her mettled spirit to madness as the unmarried daughter of Haworth Rectory, is touching and praiseworthy from the Nicholls standpoint. Had she outlived the year, the struggle between duty and genius must have come. As it was, she wrote, secretly,—when the strong necessity of expression was upon her, and "dear Arthur" had carried his deep sense of religion to the other end of the parish—a few chapters of *Emma*, a posthumous fragment that tells the revolt had begun.

Another and a contingent cause of the infelicity of the wedded woman-author is the shame and disappointment she endures, who sees that the development of what she esteems as her highest faculties acts upon him whom she loves as sun-heat upon an untilled field, drawing into the light noxious weeds of envy and spite. She may shut her eyes to the painful truth for a time, and try meekly to curb inclination and to shape taste according to his decree. The process succeeds well with some, if a gradual lowering of the whole nature be a success of the good. With more (ought we to say, "Thank God"?) nature and reason burst bonds, and the nobler of the two whom God and love have bound together, outstrips the other until the term "wedded pair" sounds like a bitter sarcasm.

The assertion that literary women are, as a class, ill-regulated as to nerve and temper, I repudiate as unworthy of notice here, or of grave mention at any time. On the contrary, I hold, after many years' study of the subject, that the temperate pursuit of any specific study not connected with the daily routine of domestic cares and labors, tends to prolong life and youth. In physique and longevity, in vivacity and endurance, the literary workers of this country, at least, compare most favorably with those of their sisters who never overstep the bounds of authorized "feminine pursuits."

Still it cannot be denied that the liveliness of imagination, and the finely sensitive organization that usually go with creative talent, predispose our author to intolerance of restraint from him who has been proven to be her inferior in everything except the accident of sex. As she grows

away from him, the disparity becomes more palpable to eyes that would fain remain blinded. In this pitiable case, the maternal instinct alluded to awhile ago, is the savior of both if it assert itself. That is, when the woman so tactfully adjusts herself to the changed relation that her appeased lord does not discover that he has lost a wife and gained a mother.

While gladly recording the fact that many literary women are excellent housekeepers and perfect homemakers, let me impress upon the admirers and also upon the censors of the guild the truth already hinted at, to wit: that there are cogent reasons why it is more difficult for her to bestow the needed amount of attention upon domestic affairs than she can whose specialty is cookery, fancy-work, or house-cleaning. The dual life of the writer is at once blessing and curse. Her mind, ranging through an ideal world, lifts her above some annoyances of the lower realm, and sets her right in the track of others. Conscience is her abettor when she has a message to utter, and no time in which to give it, unless she slight the tale of mint, anise and cummin. That she is often out of tune with the clank of household machinery does not justify her, perhaps, in shunning the workshop. That the higher duty outranks the lower would seem to be inevitable. What though the linen is not sorted and closets are not overhauled as such seasons as Czarina Grundy appoints? Is she or the world the worse for her preference for study or writing above the renovation of out-of-fashion garments for herself and "the girls"? Something must be crowded out. Why is not she, who has more brains and education than the whole Grundy dynasty, a better judge than they of what is fit and proper in the home over which heaven has appointed her to rule? If there is a time for dusting, there is also a time to refrain from dusting, and the family life consists not in the abundance of courses at dinner and the style of the garments worn by the immortal creatures who compose the band.

Rooms, seemly in arrangement and apparel, conventional in material and make, well-cooked and well-served meals, and wise attention to the frugalities of larder and kitchen, may not of themselves foster soul-growth, and neglect of one or all may be a trifle,—a trifle hardly more important than the pin dropped among the wires of the bedusted piano.

But, dear sister and co-laborer, *take the pin out!* If you have not the executive ability to arrange a systematic plan of daily labor, stand in your lot and do the duty that lies nearest your hand so well that the just Father will show you the way to the second. Another may write your story, or poem, or essay. Nobody else in all the universe can mother your boy, or be your girl's guide and best friend.

There *are* men and husbands — and not a few of them, — strong, true, brave, and good enough to be allied to women of genius without the risk of heart-break to one, and life-wreck to both. Husbands whose proud appreciation of the laurels won by wives is sweeter to the winners than the far-off praise of the nations; whose work runs in harmonious parallels with that of those whose mental endowments may seem greater than theirs; counterparts that make up the perfect, beautiful whole of man.

For them, let feminine toilers of the pen bless the Giver of all good, and take strength to show to the world what manner of wives and homes these shining ones deserve and have. Homes which weaker women, seeing, may gather heart again and imitate, for the glory of the sex and the redemption of humanity.

A DAY IN COURT.

NO-NAME SERIES. NUMBER SIX.

I. CRIMINAL COURT.

To those accustomed to the atmosphere and tone of a court room, it is doubtful if its message is impressive. To one who spends a day in a criminal court for the first time after reaching an age of thoughtfulness, it is more than impressive; it is a revelation not easily forgotten. The message conveyed to such an observer arouses questions, and suggests thoughts which may be of interest to thousands to whom a criminal court room is merely a name. I went early. I was told by the officer at the door that it was the summing up of a homicide case. "Are you a witness?" he asked when I inquired if I was at liberty to enter. "Were you subpoenaed?"

"No," I replied, "I simply wish to listen, if I may, to the court proceedings. I am told that I am at liberty to do so."

He eyed me closely, but opened the door. Just as I was about to pass in, he bent forward and asked quickly:—

"Friend of the prisoner?"

"No."

He said something to another officer and I was taken to an enclosed space (around which was a low railing) and given a chair. I afterwards learned that it was in this place the witnesses were seated. He had evidently not believed what I said.

There was a hum of quiet talk in the room, which was ill-ventilated and filled with men and boys and a few women. Of the latter there were but two who were not of the lower grades of life. But there were all grades of men and boys. The boys appeared to look upon it as a sort of matinee to which they had gained free admission.

The trial was one of unusual interest. It had been going on for several days. The man on trial (who was twenty-four years of age and of the well-to-do laboring class) had shot and killed his rival in the affections of a girl of fourteen.

Some months previous he had been cut in the face, and one eye destroyed, by the man he afterward killed, who was at the time of the killing, out on bail for this offence. I had learned these points from the scraps of conversation outside the court room, and from the court officer. This was the last day of the trial. There was to be the summing up of the defence, the speech of the prosecutor, the charge of the judge, and the verdict of the jury.

The prisoner sat near the jury box, pale and stolid looking. The spectators laughed and joked. Court officers and lawyers moved about and chaffed one another. There was nothing solemn, nothing dignified, nothing to suggest the awful fact that here was a man on trial for his life, who, if found guilty, was to be deliberately killed by the State after days of inquiry, even as his victim had been killed in the heat of passion and jealousy by him.

The State was proposing to take this man's life to teach other men *not* to commit murder.

"Hats off!"

The door near the Judge's dais had been opened by an officer, who had shouted the command as a rotund and pleasant-faced gentleman, with decidedly Hibernian features, entered.

He took his seat on the raised dais beneath a red canopy. The buzz of voices had ceased when the order to remove hats was given. It now began again in more subdued tones. In a few moments the prisoner's lawyer — one of the prominent men of the bar — began his review of the case. He pointed out the provocation, the jealousy, the previous assault — the results of which were the ghastly marks and the sightless eye of the face before them. He plead self defence and said over and over again, "If I had been tried as he was, if I had been disfigured for life, if I had had the girl I loved taken from me, I'd have killed the man who did it, *long ago*! We can only wonder at this man's forbearance!"

I think from a study of the faces that there was not a boy in the room who did not agree with that sentiment — and ~~there~~ were boys present who were not over thirteen years of age.

The lawyer dwelt, too, upon the fact that the prosecutor would say this or that against his client. "He will try to befog this case. He will tell you this and he will try

to make you think that; but every man on this jury knows full well that *he* would have done what my client did under the same conditions." "The prosecutor told you the other day so and so. He lied and he knew it." The defender warmed to his work and shook his finger threateningly at the prosecutor. Everyone in the room appeared to think it an excellent bit of acting and a thoroughly good joke. No one seemed to think it at all serious, and when he closed and the State's attorney arose to reply, there was a smile and rustle of quiet satisfaction as if the audience had said:—

"Now the fur will fly. Look out! It is going to be pretty lively for he has to pay off several pretty hard thrusts."

There was a life at stake; but to all appearances no one was controlled by a trifle like that when so much more important a thing was risked also—the professional pride of two gentlemen of the bar. In the speech which followed, it did not dawn upon the State's attorney—if one may judge from his words—that he was "attorney for the people," and that the prisoner was one of "the people." It did not appear in his attitude if he realized that the State does not elect him to *convict* its citizens, but to see that they are properly protected and represented.

Surely the State is not desirous of convicting its citizens of crime. It does not employ an attorney upon that theory, but is this not the theory upon which the prosecutor invariably conducts his cases? Does he not labor first of all to secure every scrap of evidence against the accused and to make light of or cover up anything in his favor? Is not the State quite as anxious that he—its representative—find citizens guiltless, if they are so, as that he convict them if they are offenders against the law? Is not the prosecutor offending against the law of the land as well as against that of ordinary humanity when he bends all the vast machinery of his office to collect evidence against and refuses to admit—tries to rule out—evidence in favor of one of "the people" whose employee he is?

These questions came forcibly to my mind as I listened to the prosecutor in the trial for homicide. He not only presented the facts as they were, but he drew inferences, twisted meanings, asserted that the case had but one side; that the defendant was a dangerous animal to be at large; that his

witnesses had all lied; that his lawyer was a notorious special pleader and had wilfully distorted every fact in the case. He waxed wroth and shook his fist in the face of his antagonist and appealed to every prejudice and sentiment of the jury which might be played upon to the disadvantage of the accused. He sat down mopping his face and flashing his eyes. The Judge gave his charge, which, to my mind, was clearly indicative of the fact that he, at least, felt that there were two very serious sides to the case. The audience which had so relished the two preceding speeches, found the Judge tame and when the jury filed out, half of the audience went also. Most of them were laughing, highly amused by "the way the prosecutor gave it to him" as I heard one lad of seventeen say. The moment the Judge left the stand there was great chaffing amongst the lawyers, and much merry-making. The prisoner and his friends sat still. The prosecutor smilingly poked his late legal adversary under the ribs and asked in a tone perfectly audible to the prisoner, "Lied, did I? Well, I rather think I singed your bird a little, didn't I?" When he reached the door, he called back over his shoulder,—making a motion of a pendant body—"Down goes McGinty!" Everyone laughed. That is to say, everyone except the white-faced prisoner and his mother. He turned a shade paler and she raised a handkerchief to her eyes. Several boys walked past him and stopped to examine him closely. One of them said, so that the prisoner could not fail to hear, "He done just right. I'd a done it long before, just like his lawyer said."

"Me too. You bet," came from several other lads—all under twenty years of age.

And still we waited for the jury to return. The prisoner grew restless and was taken away to the pen by an officer. There was great laughter and joking going on in the room. Several were eating a luncheon abstracted from convenient pockets. I turned to an officer, and asked:—

"Do you not think all this is bad training for boys? It must show them very clearly that it is a mere game of chance between the lawyers with a life for stakes. The best player wins. They must lose all sense of the seriousness of crime to see it treated in this way."

"Upon the other hand," said he, "they learn, if they stay about criminal courts much, that not one in ten who is

brought here escapes conviction, and not one in ten who is once convicted, fails to be convicted and sent up over and over again. Once a criminal, always a criminal. If they get fetched here once they might as well throw up the sponge."

"Is it so bad as that?" I asked. He nodded. "Is there not something wrong with the penal institutions then?" I queried.

"How?"

"You told me a while ago," I explained, "that almost all first crimes or convictions were of boys under seventeen years of age. Now you say that not one in ten brought here, accused, escapes conviction, and not one in ten of these fails to be convicted over and over again. Now it seems to me that a boy of that age ought not to be a hopeless case even if he has been guilty of one crime; yet practically he is convicted for life if found guilty of larceny, we will say. Is there not food for reflection in that?"

"I do' know," he responded, "mebby. If anybody wanted to reflect, I guess most boys that hang around here don't spend none too much time reflectin' though — till *after* they get sent up. They get more time for it then," he added, drily.

"Another thing that impresses me as strange," I went on, "is the apparent determination of the prosecutor to convict even where there is a very wide question as to the degree of guilt."

"I don't see anything queer in that. He's human. He likes to beat the other lawyer. Why, did you know that the prosecutor you heard just now is cousin to a lord? His first cousin married Lord ——"

This was said with a good deal of pride and a sort of proprietary interest in both the lord and the fortunate prosecutor. I failed to grasp just its connection with the question in point to which I returned.

"But the public prosecutor is not, as I understand it, hired to convict but to represent the 'people,' one of whom is the accused. Now is the State interested in — does it employ a man to see that its citizens are found guilty of crime, or is it to see that justice is done and the facts arrived at in the interest of *all* the people, including the accused?"

"I guess that is about the theory of the State," he replied,

laughing as he started for the door,—“but the practice of the prosecuting attorney is to convict every time if he can, and don't you forget it.”

I have not forgotten that nor several other things, more or less interesting to the public, since my day in a Criminal Court.

It may be interesting to the reader to know that the jury in the case cited, disagreed. At a new trial the accused was acquitted on the grounds of self defence and the prosecutor no doubt felt that he was in very poor luck, indeed: “For,” as I was told by a court officer, “he has lost his three last homicide cases and he's bound to convict the next time in spite of everything, or he won't be elected again. I wouldn't like to be the next fellow indicted for murder if he prosecutes the case, even if I was as innocent as a spring lamb,” said he succinctly.

Nor should I.

But aside from this thought of the strangely anomalous attitude of the State's attorney; aside from the thought of the possible influence of such court room scenes on the boys who flock there — who are largely of the class easily led into, and surrounded by temptation; aside from the suggestions contained in the officer's statement,— which I cannot but feel to be somewhat too sweeping, but none the less illustrative, that only one in ten brought before the Criminal Court escapes conviction, and only one in that ten fails to be reconvicted until it becomes practically a conviction for life to be once sent to a penal institution; — aside from all this there is much food for thought furnished by a day in a criminal court room. A study of the jury, and of the judge, is perhaps as productive of mental questions that reach far and mean much, as are those which I have briefly mentioned; for I am assured by those who are old in criminal court practice, that my day in court might be duplicated by a thousand days in a thousand courts and that in this day there were alas, no unusual features. One suggestive feature was this. When the jury for the next case was sworn — which was an unusually intelligent looking body of men — seven took the oath on the Bible and five refused to do so, simply affirming. This impressed me as a large proportion who declined to go through the ordinary form; but since it created no comment in the court room, I inferred that it was not sufficiently rare to

attract attention, while only a few years ago, so I was told, it would have created a sensation. There appeared to be a growing feeling, too, against capital punishment. Quite a number of the talesmen were excused from serving on the jury on the ground of unalterable objection to this method of dealing with murderers. They would not hang a man, they said, no matter what his crime.

"Do you see any relation between the refusal to take the old form of oath, and the growth of a sentiment or conscientious scruple against hanging as a method of punishment?" I inquired of the officer.

"I do' know. Never thought of that. They're both a growin'; but I don't see as they've got anything to do with each other."

II. IN THE POLICE COURT.

The next day I concluded to visit two of the Police Courts. I reached court at nine o'clock, but it had been in session for half an hour or more then, and I was informed that "the best of it was over." I asked at what time it opened. The replies varied. "Usually about this time." "Somewhere around nine o'clock as a rule." "Any time after seven," etc. I got no more definite reply than these, although I asked policemen, doorkeeper, court officer, and Justice. Of one Justice I asked, "What time do you close?"

"Any time when the cases for the day are run through," he replied. "To-day I want to get off early and I think we can clear the calendar by 10.30 this morning. There is very little beside excise cases to-day and they are simply held over with \$100 bail to answer to a higher court for keeping their public houses open on Sunday. Monday morning hardly ever has much else in this court."

I was seated on the "bench" beside the Judge. At this juncture a police officer stepped in front of the desk with his prisoner, and the Justice turned to him.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole tr—'n — g b tr'th — selp y' God. Kissthebook."

The policeman had lifted the greasy volume and, with more regard for his health than for the form of oath, had carried it in the neighborhood of his left cheek and as quickly replaced it on the desk.

"What is the charge?" inquired the Justice.

"Open on Sunday," replied the officer succinctly.

"See him sell anything?"

"No. I asked for a drink an' he told me he was only lighting up for the night and wasn't selling nothing."

"Anybody inside?"

"Only him an' me."

"You understand that you are entitled to counsel at every stage of this proceeding," said the Justice to the accused man. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Your Honor, I have a dye house, and a small saloon in the corner. I always light the gas at night in both and have it turned low. I had on these clothes. I was not dressed for work. I went in to light up and he followed me in, and arrested me and I have been in jail all night. I sold nothing."

"Is that so, officer?" asked the Justice.

"Yes, your Honor, it is so far as I know. I seen him in there lighting the gas, an' I went in an' asked for a drink, an' he said he wasn't selling an' I arrested him."

"Give the record to the clerk. Discharged," said the Justice, and then turning to me he explained: "You see he had to arrest the man for his own protection. If a police officer goes into a saloon and is seen coming out, and doesn't make some sort of an arrest, he'll get into trouble; so for his protection he had to arrest the man after he once went in, and I have to require that recorded by the clerk to show why, after he was brought before me, I discharged him. That is for my protection."

"What is for the man's protection?" I asked. "He has been in jail all night. He has been dragged here as a criminal to-day, and he has a court record of arrest against him all because he lighted his own gas in his own house. That seems a little hard, don't you think so?"

The Judge smiled.

"So it does, but he ought to have locked the door when he went in to light up. Perhaps he was afraid to go in a dark room and lock his door behind him before he struck a light, but that was his mistake and this is his punishment. Next!"

Most of the cases were like this or not so favorable for the accused. In the latter instance they were held in bail to

answer to a higher court. Two or three were accused of being what the officer called "plain drunks" and as many more of being "fighting drunks" or "concealed weapon drunks." In these cases the charge was made by the officer who had arrested them. There was no suggestion that "you are entitled to counsel," etc., and a fine of from "\$10 or ten days" to "\$100 or three months" or both was usually imposed.

A pitiful sight was a woman, sick, and old, and hungry. "What is the charge against her, officer?" inquired the Justice.

"Nothing, your Honor. She wants to be sent to the workhouse. She has no home, her feet are so swollen she can't work, and —"

"Six months," said the Justice, and turned to me. "Now she will go to the workhouse, from there to the hospital, and from there to the dissecting table. Next."

I shuddered, and the door closed on the poor wretch who, asking the city for a home, only, even if that home were among criminals, received a free pass to three of the public institutions sustained to receive such as she — at least so said the Justice to whom such cases were not rare enough to arouse the train of suggestions that came unbidden to me. He impressed me as a kind-hearted man, and one who tried to be a justice in fact as well as in name. He told me that it was not particularly unusual for him to be called from his bed at midnight, go to court, light up, send for his clerk and hold a short session on one case of immediate importance — such as the commitment of a lunatic or the bailing of some important prisoner who declined to spend a night in jail while only a charge and not a conviction hung over him.

"I have never committed anyone without seeing him personally," he explained. "Some judges do; but I never have. Only last night a man's brother and sister and two doctors tried to have me commit him as a lunatic, but I insisted on being taken to where he was. They begged me not to go in as he was dangerous; but I did, and one glance was all I needed. He was a maniac, but I would not take even such strong evidence as his relations and two doctors afforded without seeing him personally."

"And some judges do, you say?" I enquired.

"Oh yes. Next."

"Next" had been waiting before the desk for some time. The officer went through the same form of oath. I did not see a policeman or court officer actually "kiss the book" during the two days. Some witnesses did kiss it in fact and not only in theory. A loud resounding smack frequently prefaced the most patent perjury. Indeed in two cases after swearing to one set of lies and kissing the Bible in token of good faith, the accused changed their pleas from not guilty to guilty and accepted a sentence without trial.

These facts did not appear to shake the confidence in the efficacy of such oaths and the onlookers in the court did not seem either surprised or shocked. Certainly the court officials were not, and yet the swearing went on. That it was a farce to the swearers who were quite willing to say they believed they would "go to hell" if they did not tell the truth and were equally willing to run the risk, looked to me like a very strong argument for a form of oath which should carry its punishment for perjury with it to be applied in a world more immediate and tangible.

The afternoon found me in a more crowded Police Court. The Justice was rushing business. I stood outside the railing in front of which the accused were ranged. The charges were made by the police officer who faced the Judge. The accused stood almost directly behind him something like four feet away. I was by the officer's side and so near as to touch their sleeves, and yet I can truly say that I was wholly unable to hear one-half of the charges made; most of them appeared to relate to intoxication, fighting, quarreling in the street, breaking windows and similar misdeeds.

Some of the "cases" took less than a minute and the accused did not hear one word of the charge made. What he did hear in most cases and *all* he could possibly hear was something like one of these:—

"Ten dollars or ten days." "Three months." "Ever been here before?" "No your Honor." "Ten days." "Officer says you were quarrelling in a hallway with this woman, say for yourself." "Well, your Honor, I was a little full and I got in the wrong hall and she tried to put me out and —"

"Ten dollars."

"Your Honor, I'll lose my place and I've got a wife

and—" The officer led him away. Ten dollars meant ten days in prison to him and the loss of his situation. What it may have meant to his family did not transpire.

To the next "case" which was of a similar nature, the fine meant the going down into a well-filled pocket, a laugh with the clerk and the police officer who took the proffered cigar and touched his hat to the object of his arrest, who, having slept off his "plain drunk," was in a rather merry mood. Many of the accused did not hear the charges made against them by the officer; in but few cases were they told that they had a right to counsel; almost all were fined and at least two-thirds of the fines meant imprisonment. A little more care was taken, a little more time spent if the face or clothing of the accused indicated that he was of the well-to-do or educated class. Indeed I left this court feeling that the inequality of the administration of justice as applied by the system of fines was carried to its farthest limit, and that it would be perfectly possible — easy indeed — to find a man (if he chanced to be poor and somewhat common looking) behind prison walls without his knowing even upon what charge he had been put there and without having made the slightest defence. If he were frightened, or ill, or unused to courts, and through uncertainty or slowness of speech, or not knowing what the various steps meant, had suddenly heard the Judge say "Ten dollars," and had realized that so far as he was concerned it might as well have been \$10,000, it was quite possible, I say, for such a man to find himself a convict before he knew or realized what it meant or with what he was charged. I wondered if all this was necessary, or if attention were called to it from the outside if it might not set people to thinking and if the thought might not result in action that would lead to better things.

I wondered if a rapid picture of a boy of sixteen arrested for fighting, shot through this court into association with criminals for ten days, being found in their company afterwards and sent by the criminal court to prison for three months for larceny, and afterward appearing and re-appearing as a long or short term criminal, would suggest to others what the idea suggested to me. I wondered if there were less machinery for the production and punishment of crime and more for its prevention, if life might not be made less of a battlefield and hospital for the poor or unfortunate. I

wondered if the farce of oaths, the flippancy of trials, the passion for conviction of the prosecutor and all the train of evils growing out of these were necessary ; and if they were not, I wondered if the vast non-court-attending public might not suggest a remedy if its attention were called to certain of the many suggestive features of our courts that presented themselves to me during my first two days as an observer of the legal machinery that grinds out our criminal population.

AN INSPIRED ADVOCATE.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

WHEN one thinks of inspiration as associated with advocacy, it is generally in connection with a great cause, such as patriotism, or resistance to oppression. Demosthenes rousing his countrymen against Philip of Macedon, Cicero pleading the cause of Sicily against Verres, Burke thundering against Warren Hastings, Patrick Henry arraigning the tyranny of George III., Wendell Phillips invoking justice against the Moloch of slavery, are familiar examples of inspired advocacy. The primary definition of inspiration,—the infusion of influence or ideas into the mind by a superior power, implies that something of an extraordinary character gives the impetus which finds expression in the advocacy it embodies. The efforts of the lawyer in pleading his client's cause in a court of justice do not naturally suggest inspiration, but rather a dependence on a stimulus of baser sort, such as the pecuniary reward or the desire to gain a forensic victory regardless of right and wrong *per se*. The fact that the average lawyer is destitute of the higher imagination prevents him from drawing on what, to a great advocate, is a perennial fountain of inspiration. No matter how insignificant the cause, the existence in himself of a capacity of exalting it into supreme importance, gives to the inspired advocate an advantage which the most profound learning and the greatest mastery of legal fence cannot secure.

It was the distinction of Rufus Choate that, beyond any lawyer whom this country has produced, he was an inspired advocate. His inspiration, moreover, did not depend on the greatness of his cause or its connection with those deeper human feelings which vibrate with the impassioned advocacy that interprets and illustrates them. It did not need a trial for murder or a suit for divorce to kindle the imagination of Choate and to impress the minds of a jury with the sense of

his inspiration. In fact, one of the most striking examples of his power to invest commonplace and homely objects with serious interest and importance was his reply to his legal opponent who had ridiculed the harness of his client as second-hand.

"I admit, gentlemen of the jury, that this harness has none of the gloss and the glitter that take the eye of the vulgar crowd, but I appeal to you as intelligent jurymen, acquainted with the ordinary affairs of life, whether it is not a safe, sound, substantial, suitable, second-rate, second-hand harness."

Here the imperfection of the harness was lost sight of in the blaze of adjectives which illumined it, and Choate's fervid characterization of this trumpery bit of property illustrated the remark of an acute critic that he was one of the few men who could drive a substantive and six without danger of an overthrow. Adjectives which in less skilful hands would have been very refractory were with him under complete control; they gave strength and brilliancy to his statements of fact and made dry legal arguments glow with the picturesqueness of romance. The fact is Choate was able, in a remarkable degree, to draw inspiration from the dictionary. By his keen discrimination as to the meaning and influence of words, he could marshal them as effectively as a general does battalions, and whether employing them in the evolutions of a holiday parade or in the exigencies of actual conflict, he was always master of their movements. His objection to a sheriff's return, that the document bristled all over with the word, *having*, marks the nicety of his verbal criticism; and when his objection was overruled by Chief Justice Shaw, on the ground that the repetition, though inelegant, did not impair the legal force of the paper, his reply was in a vein of humorous sentiment which elicited the admiration of bench and bar: "But does not your Honor perceive that the sheriff has greatly overworked the participle?"

The study which Choate made of words, the wonderful richness of his vocabulary, while it had much to do with his power over a jury, had a fantastic side to it, which naturally gave point to sarcasm. Thus, Mr. Justice Wilde of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts comments in his dry way on the passion of the great advocate for adding to his verbal equipment. And when a member of the bar happened to ask

the judge if he had heard that Worcester had just published a new edition of his dictionary, with a great number of additional words, Wilde answered: "No, I had not heard of it; but, for God's sake, don't tell Choate." No doubt Choate himself would have appreciated the point of this sally; for no one was more conscious of the exuberant prodigality of his utterances, which, however, the judge himself would probably have been as unwilling as anybody to restrain. The torrent of his speech bore down on its resistless flow the fact and argument of opposing counsel, but yet this was not due so much, after all, to the flow of his eloquence as to the skill with which he laid bare the weak points of his adversary, and the imaginative ingenuity that put the case in a new and totally unexpected light.

It is a matter of interest to know whence a great man draws his inspiration. Choate got his largely from literature, but it was his power to adapt it to the conditions of life that constituted the secret of his professional success.

Edward G. Parker says Choate told him that in youth he had frequently read inspiring sentences of ambition and splendor, which made him burn all over; or, as he quaintly expressed it: "They made me have goose-flesh all down my back." Doubtless many sensitive youths have been similarly impressed without attaining in after life any eminence beyond that of "gushers." But the inspiration which Choate drew from books was of a higher as well as of a more poetical, practical thought. He found in the great authors who spoke to his inner sense of dignity, grace, and beauty, a power that lifted him into realms of imagination, inspired him with fresh energy, and kindled sentiments which glow in his impassioned appeals to juries and adorn the grave arguments he submitted to the bench. Whatever Choate read with sympathy became blended with his absorbent nature; it was not merely remembered, it was mastered, and while the form of its expression was cast aside, it became invested in a new and oftentimes a more brilliant garb whenever he chose to make it a part of his intellectual wardrobe.

But it was not literature merely from which he drew inspiration for his professional advocacy. He found this in what most persons would deem too dry for such a purpose; namely, in the great authorities of the law. Only a few years before his death, he told a legal friend that he was reading

again Coke upon Littleton to refresh his enthusiasm for the old law.

In his early practice, Choate made the same impression on his hearers that he did after he had reached the pinnacle of fame. Inspiration seems to have followed him everywhere. The character of the case, the size of the fee, was of no account compared with the ardor which moved him to his flights of argument and eloquence. One of his first cases, in which he made a three-hour speech that enraptured an audience of all classes, was a common row of some common and some rather uncommon rowdies at a negro dance-house. This single effort established his reputation in his native town of Salem, and in this, and other criminal cases which he defended, not one of his clients was convicted by a verdict of the jury. At one term of the Supreme Court, he procured the acquittal of nearly the whole dock, and as this was the week before Thanksgiving, it was said the criminals were all going home to spend that holiday. At one of these trials the venerable Attorney-General said in the old Salem Court House that he believed the days of the Salem witchcraft had come back. He called Choate, "the conjuror."

For many years the great advocate was known as "The Great Criminal Lawyer," because his efforts in this department of law had attracted more attention than those in civil cases; but about midway in his professional career he became indisposed to continue his criminal practice. A certain odium had been attached to his success in the defence of criminals, which was reflected in the scathing remark of Wendell Phillips that he was a man, "who made it safe to murder; and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal." The famous Tirrell case, in which Choate secured the acquittal of the prisoner, on a charge of murder and arson, partly by the plea of somnambulism, was urged against him as an abuse of his great powers by persons ignorant of the responsibilities of a lawyer in defending a client. But the legal profession in general was satisfied with the acquittal of Tirrell, the evidence being circumstantial and some of the witnesses for the prosecution having been discredited by Chief Justice Shaw. It was in this case that he addressed a question to the jury, in the cumulative style of intensifying the force of each epithet by the one imme-

diately succeeding, in order to illustrate the impression which he wished to convey in regard to the state of the prisoner's mind.

"What," he exclaimed, "must at such a moment have been the feelings of this fond, foolish, fickle-fated and infatuated Albert when," etc. It has often been wondered why Choate was not employed to defend Prof. Webster against the charge of killing Dr. Parkman, — the most noted criminal trial in the annals of New England, if not of the whole country, — and it has sometimes been said that the great advocate shrank from the odium of securing the acquittal of the culprit. But it is now known that, although urged by Franklin Dexter, one of the leaders of the bar, who believed Webster innocent and wanted him defended on that ground, and by Charles Sumner, who took a similar view and urged the defence in the interest of humanity, Choate would not accept the case, because he would not undertake to declare that Webster did not kill Parkman. The alternative plea of justifiable homicide in self-defence, or of manslaughter by reason of sudden altercation, was the only one which Choate would accept. But Prof. Webster and his advisers would not agree to this line of defence, and the consequence was that he lost the services of the great advocate who would probably have saved his life, had he been allowed the only method of defence which accorded with his convictions of policy and of truth.

Choate's dealings with witnesses and juries showed consummate knowledge of human nature, and skill in inspiring their respect for his presentation of a cause. He did not badger an evidently honest witness, and he encouraged the timid and soothed the nervous one, while only the dishonest were rebuked. Judge Peleg Sprague, of the United States Circuit Court, said: "His skill in the examination of witnesses was consummate. I have never seen it equalled." In dealing with a jury, he did not attempt to carry their feelings by storm until, by his acute analysis of facts and his subtle logic, he had put the case in a way to convince their understandings. His explanations of adverse circumstances were so ingenious that juries were led to credit them, and if a misstatement of fact was brought home to him, he diverted the attention of his auditors to other parts of the case. His studied deference to the jury flattered their self-respect and

he would often appeal to one of them particularly as if sure of securing his adhesion to the point presented. His urbanity to opposing counsel and to the bench was proverbial, though it often masked a keen irony of criticism and argument. The blade was none the less penetrating because it was wreathed with roses, like the sword of Harmodius.

He would guard against the jury being affected at his taking issue with a judge, by seemingly assenting to the judge's views, saying: "Yes, your Honor," "Exactly," "Just so," "Precisely what I was having the honor to remark"; and when the judicial interruption was not wholly antagonistic he would contrive to make the jury think it confirmatory of his argument.

This skill in parrying blows was a marked feature of his forensic power. If hard pushed by the court, his wit often enabled him to break the force of the interruption. In a case before a very able judge of the United States District Court, Choate characterized certain rumors as evidently emanating from a party's enemies: "You mustn't assume that, Mr. Choate; there's no evidence that he has enemies," said the watchful judge. "He's in a large business," replied Choate, "and must have made foes." "There's no evidence," rejoined the Judge, "that he's in business. He's a physician."

"Well, then," instantly replied the advocate, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "he's a physician, and the friends of the people he's killed by his practice are his enemies."

The effect of this sally, which convulsed Judge and jury with laughter, was such that Choate was enabled to resume his argument uncorrected.

The personal appearance of Choate bore out the general impression of him as an inspired advocate. There was a strange, unearthly look in his face, which was ploughed with furrows of thought and care and his dark, piercing eyes were set in deep, cavernous sockets. Nearly six feet in height, with an Apollo head covered with a mass of rich, curly, black hair, and a projecting lower jaw, that gave an effect of great determination to his expression, he had a haunting poetic air, which invested his appearance with indescribable interest.

There was an impression about him, as of a dual nature, one element of which was displayed in the conflicts of the

forum, where he shone triumphant, and another which dwelt upon aspirations and desires of a purely spiritual character.

There was more of the oriental than the occidental in his look, and he seemed physically, if not intellectually, out of place amid the ice and granite of New England life and sentiment. As he moved along the street, apparently absorbed in thought, his large frame swung to his slouching gait in a sort of rhythm that suggested the writhing play of a hungry anaconda in a Ceylon palm-tree. This orientalism of spirit never forsook him. Webster got dull and heavy as years advanced; Choate whirled and sparkled to the end and went out blazing.

The peculiar felicity of phrase which was one of Choate's many gifts was well shown in one of his bouts with his great friend and rival, Webster. Choate had been laying down the law, and Webster, who was proficient in a ponderous theatricality of the Edwin Forrest kind, rolled his great solemn eyes round on Choate and then on the judge, as if in deeply grieved remonstrance at such a monstrous perversion of law as his opponent was enunciating. But Choate was ready for Webster's majestic bluff:

"That is the law, your Honor," he thundered, "that *is* the law, in spite of the admonishing," he paused, "the somewhat *paternal* look in the eye of my illustrious friend." And so it was.

Some men hoard up their wit for great occasions. Every occasion was great for Choate. He could be just as fluent and deliciously humorous in a petty case as in a large one, and the jocosity always came in at the right time. When he said of a witness, who had been prominent in a suit brought by a tailor, that he was evidently testifying with an eye to pantaloons in the distance; when he closed a tremulous and tremendous appeal in behalf of a young girl suing for wages due from a milliner, with the humorous profundity of, "Was it not enough, gentlemen, that she should live in that atmosphere of silks, satins, ribbons, and lavender water—without being cheated out of her wages?" when he remarked of a certain contentious and dull-witted lawyer that he was a bulldog with confused ideas, and referred to another stiff and pompous barrister as coming before the court with his usual, imperturbable perpendicularity of assertion; whenever, indeed, he flashed from his seemingly inexhaustible treasury a funny

suggestion or a glittering sarcasm, it seemed as if his audience had drawn it forth, as if he were acting for their especial benefit and intellectual regalement, rather than to win the petty case in hand.

Yet not upon the jury was the impression of an actor ever left. To them the earnestness of the man was clear and contagious. The secret of his winning so many cases no doubt lay in this, — that he argued everything as if his own life depended on the issue. You forgot at times the client. You felt: "If this wonderful, writhing, suffering man of genius does not win this case, he will go mad, take to drink, or commit suicide. The life of this glorious creature is at stake!" And it was after he had made his appeals to the understanding that he commenced his mesmerism, or what one of his admirers has called his "magical mystery."

The brilliant sayings of Choate, the private citizen, are almost as many as those that came in the heat of advocacy; for, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, "He adorned everything he touched."

Intensity of expression, which is only a passional phase with most New Englanders, was habitual with him. "When I had been two days on the Rhine," he remarked to a friend, "I knew it perfectly; couldn't have known it better if I had been *drowned* in it."

Yet, though loving the law as a profession, Choate was no bigot about it. "The legal mind and subject" he says, "are not the highest. But law is the true training of the statesman, both for its learning and the habit of mind it begets. Both may be kept up, as in Webster's case, though the world usually revenges itself for a double repute by attributing superficiality in one branch."

Both were kept up in Choate's case, too, though he never attained the political consequence of his friend. But his record in the United States Senate would have reflected radiance on a man whose earlier career had not been such a continual coruscation. Choate has been charged with cowardice in his senatorial life, — a charge most absurd, for, if moral cowardice were implied, it is easy to account for some of his positions, notably his silence before Clay, by the influence which Webster had on him personally, and certainly physical cowardice could not be insinuated against a man who attacked Senator Duffie, the duellist politician, and

buried that astonished fire-eater under a mountain of what were well called "polished insults." But though endowed like Disraeli with tremendous powers of invective, as of Disraeli, too, it was felt that Choate really hated no man.

Hate was about the only word in the dictionary which he did not personally and perfectly understand. He either loved or admired men, or they were as shadows to him. And his love, once started, was as uncheckable in its flow as his eloquence. That embarrassment came upon him at certain periods from endorsing the notes of the profligate Webster had no effect upon his friendship; he went on endorsing not only the notes of that most noted of moral and political failures, but also the policy of the man to whom, with the same perverse modesty which characterized Shelley's belief in the intellectual superiority of Byron, Choate appears to have habitually looked up and rendered homage.

It would be easy to multiply anecdotes of Choate; indeed, writing of him is like listening to him, one never feels like coming to an end. It was such a great life, so devoted to lofty public ends, so strewn along its wayside with private generosity, that it seems pitiful that to posterity the man whose eloquence charmed thousands, the man in whose honor, at death, Faneuil Hall was draped in mourning, must be little more than a name, a splendid tradition, not an infinite companion like Homer, or Cicero, or Shakespeare. "There is nothing like the immortality of a book," said Choate, with a sigh. Yet it is something most of us could be easily content with, to know that one had held during life thousands in the hollow of the hand, and to fancy that, after death, in the place of the people, Faneuil Hall, day might be turned into night to emphasize the solemnity of a people's grief, while the most polished orator of the age pronounced a fraternal benediction, amid a tense attention unbroken by the usual applause. Indeed, Edward Everett never surpassed his tribute to his dead friend on that 23d of July, 1857, when he said, in reference to Choate's style: "It is as often marked by a pregnant brevity as by a sonorous amplitude. He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatical clauses, to skirmish with his light troops and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated and solemn truths told, when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply

of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his thought ; that you hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance ; and when he has stormed the heights and broken the centre and trampled the squares, and turned back the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion [here the audience broke into applause, the speaker was so like Choate] along the whole line of battle and moves forward with all his hosts in one overwhelming charge."

THE SHADOW OF THE NOOSE.

A NOVELETTE.

BY FERDINAND C. VALENTINE.

BUT three weeks to live.

Three weeks; twenty-one days, five hundred and four hours, thirty thousand two hundred and forty minutes, 1,814,400 seconds; numerically expressed they look large, but how these seconds whisk by into the æons of the past! One is gone, and another—I dare not think of it. And yet: what other thought can I have?

Would but madness come to my relief, that I need not think. I used to pity the insane; I had compassion for limited intellects; I sorrowed for the unfortunate—how I envy them now. They can live. The very animals, the reptiles, even those of most repugnant shape can eat, and drink, and bask in the sunlight, heedless of the day of death; but I—I know that I shall die and *when* I shall die; it is too horrible to contemplate.

How escape from these thoughts? They drive me mad with anguish, but unfortunately do not deprive me of reason.

Of yore when in trouble, I fled to the pen for relief. My imagination conjured up factitious existences who rose and walked and did my bidding. In their woes and pleasures I forgot my sufferings and enjoyed the anticipations of popular plaudits. Or again, my writings opened channels for scientific discussions, through which the interests of humankind were advanced; perhaps this record may do some good, at all events this writing, nervous and disjointed as it must be, gives me an occupation. For the nonce, I do not feel the seconds glide by.

Was it Joshua who bade the sun stand still? Would that I could arrest the flight of time; would that I could catch and hold in my hand each precious second as it whisks by, “ere one can say it lightens.”

What a horrible spectre is death. In three short weeks I

shall feel it—the gallows wait me; human justice—in-human in-justice—will be satisfied, though not sated.

“To be hanged by the neck until you are dead,”—“until you are dead.” The very walls of my cell repeat the words; my heart’s each beat echoes them; my soul throbs with them; my brain reverberates, “until you are dead—dead—dead.”

Once, long ago, prompted by idle curiosity, or some other motive beyond my ken, I sought permission to attend an execution. I was then sufficiently influential to have my request immediately granted. The sheriff sent me a heavily black-bordered sheet of stiff paper, announcing that I was appointed a special deputy for the hanging of a poor, ignorant Italian laborer.

Others dressed like me in black, marched behind the wretched creature who was dragged through the jail-yard. He screamed: “*Sono democrata—Sono democrata!*” in the desperate hope that perhaps his announcing himself a Socialist might provoke a rescue. I turned my head as he was carried up the stairs of the horrible engine of death.

“*Sono democrata!*” he screamed again and again. “*Sono demo——!*”

A heavy blow and then I knew all was over.

A young man rushed by me, note-book in hand. To the wall he sped, tying his book to a string that had hung there unperceived; gave the cord a sharp twitch and someone on the outside rapidly pulled the book over the wall.

When I reached City Hall an hour later, that young man’s paper had issued an extra, giving the details of the hanging, even the poor wretch’s last utterance: “*Sono demo——*”

Someone near me said: “Another democrat gone,” and those about us laughed.

Three weeks from to-day I too will see the sunlight. Black-bordered papers will be issued to others who will be deputy sheriffs to witness my death. Reporters will vie with each other to tell how I looked, what I said, what I did. I could be indifferent to all that, were I not to die.

Think of it; in three short weeks my hand will feel no more; my brain will think no more. I will have passed out of existence, while I should live at least twenty years more. Twenty years—and now each second is a treasure, a gem, a priceless gem even in this cell.

Oh, could I but escape the fatal noose, how happy would

I be; how happy would I make others. But I cannot, and as I cannot, would that I could escape at least from the power and torture of thought. Would that I could go to my death as the brute goes to slaughter — stupidly ignorant, blissfully unconscious; the butcher strikes the blow, and all is over.

I would dash out my brains against the cold walls of this cell, but no, that would rob me of many precious, lovely moments of life; that life that thrills and rushes through me, though I am so near its end. Again, if I tried it, those men outside, the "death watch," would prevent me; they are put there to ensure that society be avenged.

Ah, look at them; seated in a circle watching my every motion. They are smoking and conversing in subdued tones. They all belong to the lower walks of life. Were I in their place, I would save the poor sufferer or die in the attempt. Can they not understand that justice errs when it is not tempered with mercy?

This is the acme of cruelty; *he* died without suffering. Five shots, and it was all over. My aim was good. I was even kind in my killing; I gave him none of that soul-wracking torture which society is now giving me.

"'Vengeance is mine,' sayth the Lord." Does society, does the law arrogate to itself divine rights? Like all pusillanimous, little things, arrogating superior rights, it becomes nauseatingly persecuting. If sanguinous society wants my blood, why does it not shoot me suddenly, as I did him? This slow torture is frightful.

Would I kill myself? No; I am afraid to die. You say this is because I have no religion; religious people die calmly. That is a lie — a lie — a lie! Nobody dies calmly. If a moribund person is conscious, he approaches annihilation with fear and quaking. He knows that for him the sun will not rise again.

Why did they not condemn me to expiate my crime by a lifetime of hard labor? It would have been sweet and pleasant and at the same time would serve as a really salutary example. But no, that bestial body called "Society" is brutal enough to want the blood of the guilty to wash out the blood-stains of the innocent. The *innocent* did I say? Was Marcy innocent? He was a cur, and for killing a cur, I must die. He died suddenly, without suffering an instant,

and much through his own fault. True, I shot him, but if I *must* die because of that, why must I suffer these horrors?

Twenty-one days. Would they were years; but they are only days. Will the pen not help me avoid for the nonce that grinning spectre — death — that hangs over me?

It is said that a murderer always reveals himself by returning to the site of his crime. This is one of the absurd popular fallacies. Nothing could impel me to do anything so foolish; anyone with a modicum of sense must understand that there was nothing for me to do but kill him.

I would, if I could, escape even the letters d-e-a-t-h — what a ghastly combination.

Am I so bad that society for its preservation must needs kill me? No, and were I even the worst creature that ever trod the earth, my death (that awful word again) would not ensure safety to society. No one is utterly, irretrievably bad; no one is absolutely good. There is no complete entirety on one side or the other; the very bad have surely at least one redeeming feature, which should not be killed; the good must have at least one defect, or they would not be human.

It is said that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Another cowardly lie, by which that beast, Society, endeavors to protect itself. The way of the transgressor is *not* hard. The slightest fillip to the moral balance in each of us, may hurl us down the road of transgression, and society, *enlightened* society, mind you, revels in torturing the unfortunate victim with inflictions whose equal cannot be conjured up even by those who invented hell. That is what I am suffering. I cannot cry: "*Sono democrat*"; would that I could cherish even this hope.

Perhaps these lines may lead the insatiables to abolish that cruelty, capital punishment. If so, I will not have written them in vain.

Indeed though, I would not write this at all, had my attorney not told me an hour ago that executive clemency had been denied me, and the day of my execution fixed for the 21st of June. I wonder if the governor remembers that but six months ago he took my hand as he cried "Bravo" with the crowd who applauded my speech in favor of our party. Is there no gratitude in the wretch who is on the

road to the White House through my aid? A dash of his pen would enable me to make reparation, as far as possible, for my crime; to wipe out in tears, if need be, the wrong I did. But no, the convention will soon meet; if he pardoned me, he might loose the nomination, and rather than thwart his ambition he would kill a thousand friends. I killed but one enemy.

Perhaps a record of my career may lead society to save and correct its erring brothers instead of butchering them, as I will be butchered in twenty-one short days.

In reciting the main incidents of my life, I do not propose to show a justification for my crime, nor even palliate it. I did it and must bear the consequence, cruel it is in itself, but still worse in the anticipation. But my telling all that befell me, my reasons for killing Marcy will be better understood and also will be seen how disproportionate to my wrong is the punishment inflicted. It is not punishment, it is persecution, whose greater part is unalloyed vindictiveness.

In my recital many trivial and often apparently irrelevant occurrences will be stated. Their importance and pertinency will, however, soon after be shown.

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The only pleasant recollections of my childhood, youth, and adolescence are associated with my grandmother. I wish that loveliest of all God's creatures were dead, so that she need not suffer as she must now. I hope she dies before I am executed; that will at least palliate my pangs. Of all ties on earth she is the strongest.

Of my father I knew very little. I was a boy of ten when he left my mother and me. I remember his appearance, though. He was a rather slight man, but a very handsome one. He bore himself with military erectness, and was always preceded by a smell of tobacco. He never punished or even chided me. Whenever I committed any childish peccadillo, he looked at me in a most pained manner that stung my heart deeper than all the scoldings and blows my mother rained upon me.

One day he was in his library reading those heavy tomes with which he seemed to pass his entire time. He did not observe my approach until I passed my head beneath his

arm that rested on the table. He closed it about my neck, caressed my head, oh, so gently, and continued reading. He murmured the word "Perihelion"; hence I infer that he must have been absorbed in some work on astronomy. His abstraction nettled me. I know not why I wanted him to leave his book and speak to me. I withdrew from his embrace and he continued to read, without noticing my departure. Ever since the word "Perihelion" is associated in my mind with blood.

Prompted by something I could never define, I clambered up the back of his chair and fiercely grasping his head, I sunk my teeth into his ear. He uttered a cry of pain, leaped from his chair and exclaimed full of indignation: "Robert!"

A stream of blood flowed down his face, over his silken coat to the floor.

His sudden motion had toppled me over. I was frightened at what I had done and felt sure he would strike me. Whatever may have been his intentions, his hand was arrested by the sudden appearance of my mother in the door-way.

"You Ishmaelite!" she exclaimed. My father gave me a glance of sad reproof, sighed, pressed a handkerchief to his ear and resumed his seat.

"Come Robert, you brat," said my mother.

I slowly rose to obey her, feeling more inclined, however, to go to my father and ask his forgiveness.

My two aunts were in my mother's room which my father never approached.

"What has he done now?" asked Aunt Helen.

"He knocked the brat down," answered my mother.

"Of course, the coward," said Aunt Adelaide, shrugging her shoulders, "what can be expected of that breed but low brutality."

"Mamma," I said, "papa did not knock me down. I just fell when he jumped up after I bit his ear."

"How did you come to bite his ear?" my mother asked in wonder.

"I don't know," was my response. "He sat there reading and did not notice me, so I climbed up the back of his chair and bit his ear till the blood came."

At this my aunts laughed uproariously.

"Nettie," said Aunt Helen, "just keep on and be stead-

fast; he will certainly break down and give you means to rid yourself and us of this disgrace."

They acted towards me as if I had done some meritorious deed and had me recite the details over and over again, each time laughing more.

Then they resumed the usual subject of their conversations, whose brunt was expressions of sympathy for my mother's "misfortunes," and their "disgrace."

"Poor Nettie," and "our unfortunate, unhappy darling," they called her, asking solicitously about "Arthur," meaning a Mr. Siefeld, who to me seemed the real master of our house.

On leaving, they as usual spoke very loudly on passing the library, designated my mother "Mrs. Siefeld," which always provoked my wonder, as I knew her name to be Mrs. Darcourt.

The last time I saw my father is ineradically graven upon my memory.

Mr. Siefeld, my mother and I were seated at dinner, when he entered. He looked unusually careworn, but as was his habit did not forget to caress and kiss me.

"Good evening, Nettie," he said hesitatingly.

"You are not welcome in my house, I am sure," mother answered bitterly.

"*Shsh*," Siefeld said admonitiously.

Father ignored her remark and said in a constrained tone:—

"How are you, Siefeld?" His manner was not cordial.

Siefeld responded: "Fairly well, Professor," and then he turned to my mother, handed her the celery: "Have some, Madam?" he smiled and showed his irregular yellow teeth as he spoke.

"Thanks, *you* know I do not need it," mother said with an expressive glance to him.

Father grew ghastly pale, rose abruptly and left the room.

"What is the matter with that fool now?" asked my mother.

"He heard you," answered Siefeld. "Why will you be so indiscreet, Nettie?" he asked reprovingly.

"Oh pshaw, I can amuse myself a little with him while it

lasts. He dare not say anything, or I will crush him; I will expose him and tumble him from the pinnacle on which his conceit and vanity have placed him."

We ate in silence; I wondering what iniquities my father had committed that warranted my mother's actions.

"Do you know, Nettie," said Siefeld after a while, "that after all he did for me, I often feel like despising myself for the part I am playing?"

"Have some celery, Arthur?" asked mother with a laugh.

Siefeld made an impatient gesture.

"Arthur," said my mother in a vexed tone, "don't grow sentimental; it does not become you. We will see this evening if I cannot get him to strike me in your presence and then, hurrah for liberty."

"Nettie, don't let the child hear you talk so," said Siefeld angrily.

"We—we—we," my mother said, mocking his voice.

Siefeld struck his hand on the table violently. "Shut up, I tell you," he said emphatically.

Our dinner was concluded in silence.

"Now for the fireworks," said mother, as we went upstairs.

The library was open. My father sat in his chair, in his hand a large bundle of paper, the lower half of each leaf being charred. His face was of a ghastly hue.

My mother did not heed Siefeld's attempt to restrain her.

"Enjoying the reading of your *beautiful* manuscript?" she asked tauntingly.

Father did not answer.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed. "Two year's work, figuring, and calculating, and writing every night, and now all ready for the publisher. Think I did not see the contract, eh? A thousand dollars cash and ten per cent. of the retail price as royalty, if delivered to-morrow. It will not be delivered to-morrow, will it, my d-a-r-l-i-n-g?"

She drew out the last word with such a decided sneer, that even I could not but feel its insulting intent.

Father sprang up, dashed the burned manuscript at her feet and exclaimed: "You wretch, you miserable wretch, the true daughter of your father."

"Help! murder!" screamed my mother. "Arthur, you are a witness, you saw how he assaulted me."

Father seemed to grow towering in his rage.

"For years," he thundered, "have I borne your tortures; for our child's sake have I suffered silently; for the sake of propriety have I restrained myself. You have never had even an unkind word from me before — the end has come. I can say nothing but damn you and damn the day I first saw you."

He strode from the room. The front door closed with a loud slam, then silence reigned for a moment.

"Well," said my mother, "I presume I have all the evidence I need. You witnessed his cruel and inhuman treatment, did you not?" she asked Siefeld.

"No," answered Siefeld calmly.

"Wha — what?" said my mother in astonishment. "Is this the way you requite my affection? Is this your manner of keeping your troth? May I not count on you to help me get my freedom, so that you can make good your promise?"

Siefeld looked upon her calmly for a little while. Then he said, as he threw himself into a chair: —

"See here, Nettie. You must not assume because I acted a cur, that I will be a perjurer too. Don't start; you have brought about a stupid climax and it is time to tell you now, what I propose to do. First, though, send the child upstairs."

"Go upstairs, Robert," said my mother obediently.

I never saw my father again.

Grandma came yesterday, and of course I could write no more.

It required quite a while to identify her, after she was admitted to my cell. That wan, unkempt, bedraggled old crone — it was difficult to consider her the beautiful, stately old lady of three months ago. Yes, she was beautiful; perhaps not artistically so, but she was stately, stout; her sweet face made the furrows of seventy years, rivers of happiness; her well-dressed, glistening, thick white hair was brushed up from her brow, as few, very few old women would dare to wear it. Her large, liquid eyes always danced with benevolence; they were the same brown, black-by-night color as my mother's, but their expression was so different.

She was a thoroughly modern old lady, keenly interested in all the subjects of the day, even down to the details of

fashionable garments. Her disposition had anything but the reminiscent garrulousness so frequent with old people and so taxing. On the contrary, she was girlishly rapacious for everything new. The papers that contained the best reviews of new books were eagerly devoured by her; her account at the publishers was something prodigious, and I am sure she would have been offended had I ever neglected to secure seats for "first nights" at the theatres.

Other old women spoke of my self-sacrificing devotion to my "poor old grandmother"; had they acted to their grandchildren as grandma did to me, there would have been no means of invidious comparison. She never complained, never considered herself deserted because of her age and indulged in none of that whining which seems the means by which senile decay appeals for sympathy.

Her prettily-written notes to me were always gracefully and affectionately worded; she invariably addressed me "Darling" and signed them "Your devoted Sweetheart." Ever since I was old enough to act as her escort, I called her my sweetheart, and she at first accepted the designation as a joke and eventually adopted it as a matter of course.

When I married she took my wife to her heart, because she was my wife, and contributed all in her power to my happiness by ever espousing my wife's cause against me, in those trifling differences that beset the first few years of matrimony. I think it best not to mention the attitude my mother assumed toward my wife.

So this haggard old crone, with waxen, sunken cheeks, wisps of white hair dangling about her agonized countenance, was "Sweetheart." Her dress hung limp about her emaciated form; her chubby hands had become claw-like in their bony thinness. Her beautiful large eyes were red, suffused, and hideous in desperation.

She had evidently just learned that the wretched governor had refused executive clemency.

"Darling, darling, darling!" she screamed, in an uncanny tone. "Darling, they want to take you from me. No, no, no, no, tell me I am dreaming; tell me I am insane. They shall not kill my lovely boy. Let them take me; I am old and useless."

She clutched me so fiercely that her fingers sank into my flesh. Burying her face upon my breast she sobbed and

moaned so bitterly, that the men outside, those of the death-watch, were obliged to turn away.

Her desperation was fearful; I felt tempted to charitably lie to her and say that I had private information that a reprieve would reach me at the foot of the gallows.

Suddenly she started from me, held me at arm's length and said, quickly, feverishly: —

"Darling, let us cheat them. Tell me, dear, you are so learned, tell me some poison and how I can bring it in; we will both take it, and then they cannot kill us."

Her eyes and mouth were wide open, as if in a joyous anticipation.

I was cogitating upon an answer when an officer entered.

"You must go now, madam," he said, gently.

"Go?" she asked. "Go and leave darling? No, my place is here with my boy, whom you fiends want to kill. No, I stay here, his cell is mine, and when you kill him, you will kill me, too."

She acted with the insanity of grief. Would she were really insane or dead that she might not feel this anguish.

The burly policeman held his jaws firmly together; the buttons on his coat approached and receded from each other rapidly, his face twitched.

"Madam," he said, in an unsteady voice, "unless you go willingly, I shall be obliged to take you."

"Take me," she said eagerly. "Take me, but let him escape. You have children, have you not? Yes. Just think of it, how rich I can make them. I have a hundred thousand dollars; all, all shall be for them, if you save my boy's life. Don't you see that my heart is breaking —"

"Come, come, Madam," said the officer, ever so kindly. "You must go now. I shall beg the warden to let you return to-morrow. Please go."

He tenderly put his arm about her shoulders. At his touch she became unconscious. I was as if petrified.

"No, she is not dead, only fainted," said the officer, upon satisfying himself with a glance at her.

She lay in his strong arm. With his free hand, great, coarse as it was, he swept the straggling bunches of hair from her brow and bending over her, pressed his big, wiry moustache to her forehead.

"Excuse me," he said, "I could not help it, she is so

lovely. Come, quickly. You kiss her too, I *must* take her from here."

I could not move.

Shortly after I heard her voice, cracked and piercing, like those of the drunken beldames in the neighboring cells, where I was first imprisoned. She shrieked:—

"It's a lie, there is no God; I know it now, there is no —"

Society, that slimy monster, is not satisfied with taking my life, but must glut itself by crushing Sweetheart in its horrid tentacles. Sweetheart, who lived seventy years an angel, who spread the perfume of her goodness over all with whom she came in contact; Sweetheart must have her soul wrenched from her, because I killed a man, a cur; I would have been a worse cur had I not killed him.

Surely this torture cannot be inflicted upon Sweetheart because she brought into the world such a collection of children. What fault had she that her daughters Helen, Adelaide, my mother, Stephen, and Robert, were all the counterparts of their father, whom I remember but dimly, and of whom I know nothing good.

When I began writing to-day I was interrupted by the visit of a clergyman, a stranger to me, who came to offer his services. Would that I could conscientiously accept them. Unfortunately I cannot, and therefore I cannot go to the slaughter mumbling prayers, nor shouting the Nazarene's name. This doubtless will be a disappointment to the sensational publications who would enjoy heading an account of my execution with letters an inch long: "Jerked to Jesus." A Chicago paper really used this, but it was not far ahead of the New York daily which had standing for weeks a headline "Seven Up," wherewith to announce the execution of the anarchists hanged in Chicago several years ago.

I dare say they will be chagrined if I do not act with fine frenzy and even think I did them a grievous wrong by not furnishing material for a sensational article. Others will rely entirely upon their imagination for an account of my execution and will malign me at the rate of five dollars per column of 1200 words. When I am gone this cannot harm me, but my children and Sweetheart — how they will suffer.

I once happened to be in the office of the local editor of a paper, whose reputation for sensationalism was well established. A reporter brought in the account of a hanging.

"What," exclaimed the editor, "only two stickfuls of so *célebre* a cause?"

"Pshaw," answered the reporter in disgust, "the fellow, confound him, didn't do an interesting or noteworthy thing. He just walked up and was swung off. Wonder if he appreciated the value to me and to our paper of a little decent conduct."

"Ah well," said the editor consolingly, "just go and write an account of the hanging and state what he would have said and done had he acted decently."

The paper contained four columns giving full details of the poor devil assailing the clergyman at his side; of striking the hangman and giving the sheriff a kick, from which the imaginative reporter doubted whether he would recover.

Of course I treated the clergyman who visited me with the courtesy due from one gentleman to others. He exercised such remarkable tact, that I feel disappointed with myself for his sake, because I could not accept his views.

His manners were charming. He did not treat me as if I were a psychological phenomenon, nor a furious beast; he showed me that in his eyes I am a very unfortunate man, who needs God's mercy, and though I do not show my repentance in religious form, am sure of Divine pardon.

"God is good; God is love, my friend," he said.

"If God is good, why then does He not save me from death, that I may spend my life in repentance, exercising the greatest of virtues — *consoling the sad*?"

"Ah, my dear sir," said the clergyman, "who would dare fathom the depths of God's wisdom and His intents?"

"Yes," I answered, "the human mind is finite. But its very limitations will not let me grasp His good, lovely purpose in allowing me to be strung up—to be butchered even less mercifully than is an ox—and the ox is killed for an object."

The clergyman was perhaps fatigued by his efforts to induce me to accept religious consolation. He dropped the conversation by asking if he might pray for me. I readily assented. He knelt on the floor of my cell.

"Merciful Father: give me strength and wisdom wherewith to bring my brother to Thee. Help me infuse into him thoughts that will console him. Help him to be resigned to his fate. Make him understand that his repentance entitles him to Thy mercy and that Thou wilt give him greater love, than the human, finite mind can conceive. Amen."

The prayer was so unusual that it struck me as at least logical. I shook the clergyman's hand and thanked him fervently for his good wishes.

He left a deep impress upon my mind; he is doing what I should like; to devote long years of life to works of charity. Ah, but in this state of society, with the horrible custom of capital punishment, how impossible is practical charity towards a human being condemned to death.

If society had any conception of the sublimity of charity, if it would practise charity with the rigor with which it exercises what it calls justice, this earth would be far less the Vale of Tears it is. Is it not true that most human misfortunes result from lack of charity?

And yet, that bulwark of society, the Bible, is continually quoted as authority for charity. Can it mean only the charity that gives the beggar a penny or builds immense edifices erected to the perpetuation of one's name?

"Thou shalt not kill," says the commandment. I violated this and I am to be killed. My act made me a criminal, or rather it was done by the jury, selected because of its stupidity or dense adherence to "The Word."

But that very society that wants to kill me, is it not a greater criminal? Is its crime not viler because of its premeditation?

Still, why do I reflect upon this? It will not save me.

I will flee from the horrid future by reciting fragments of the past, as they come to me.

When I was twenty-four years of age, I fell in love. Rosalia — never mind her surname — seemed the incarnation of all that was divine. She received my attentions, but refused to link her fate to that of a man without an occupation. In this, as I now see it, she was right; but why did she, to her and my misfortune, marry that whelp, Marcy, before I had an opportunity to ascertain for what work I was most fitted?

Fool that I was, I married shortly afterwards, to show Rosalia my indifference. Well, I was young, and youth is a good excuse for many follies.

Emmeline was a good wife; a sort of negative character, who agreed with me in most things, and faithfully did her duty. She bore me my two lovely children, Henry and Emmeline, and for Emmeline's life, she paid with her own.

I never loved my wife, but her death made me very lonesome. She was an admirable friend; an earnest coadjutor; an exemplary mother, and moreover most dutiful and affectionate towards Sweetheart. We missed Emmeline dreadfully.

After she died, Sweetheart took charge of my house and my children. I desired a housekeeper, as I did not want Sweetheart to have domestic cares in her old age. But she insisted and I yielded.

At an unfortunate moment I met Rosalia. She was unwise enough to seek consolation from me for her matrimonial unhappiness. I visited her and found that Marcy treated her with habitual sneers, which he made no attempt to conceal in my presence.

One fell evening I received a note from Rosalia, a message that she was ill and wished to see me at once.

I was admitted to her room. She asked me to sit on the edge of the bed.

"What is it, Rosalia?" I asked.

"Misery, wretched misery," she wept. "O Robert, why was I such a fool as to discard you for that brute? He struck me to-day."

"I'll kill him!" I exclaimed in rage.

"For heaven's sake, Robert, control yourself," she plead. Raising herself into a sitting posture, she clasped her arms about me.

I put my arms around her, to encourage, to support, to console her. I was weak enough to kiss her.

A violent blow on both our heads showed that Marcy had entered. The heavy carpet had deadened his foot-falls.

Rosalia screamed. Unfortunately I had my pistol in my pocket. Before I was aware of what I had done, Marcy lay dead at my feet, five bullets in his body.

"Fly, Robert, for heaven's sake — get away quickly," screamed Rosalia.

"And leave here with apparent evidences against you? No," I answered.

She sprang from the bed and endeavored to force me from the room. "Save yourself, Robert; for the love I bear you, save yourself," she pleaded.

"You are my prisoner," said a policeman who had rushed into the house on hearing my shots.

At the trial I learned that in some unaccountable manner, I had dropped Rosalia's note. It was deemed more than strongly circumstantial, in fact corroborative evidence that a wronged husband had surprised his wife with her lover and that the lover had been dastard enough to kill the man he had betrayed.

The prosecution shrewdly objected to all jurors who had not young and pretty wives, and by help of ingenious detectives ascertained that all were jealous of them with cause or without.

I was ably defended. Mr. Russell certainly did all within a learned and industrious lawyer's power for me. He was assisted by ex-judge Bronson and several other notable jurists.

But, through my anxiety to shield Rosalia from the damning appearances, I was the worst witness that could possibly have appeared against me.

The jury found me guilty; the Appellate Court confirmed the sentence, and the Governor, curse him, refused to interfere.

And I must die on the twenty-first of June.

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I was imbecile enough to ask for a transcript of the testimony and of the sentence. Read it? Impossible.

The letters twisted and curled through the paper like fiery little serpents.

The pages themselves writhed in my grasp; the words danced like demons to stand occasionally and shriek:—

"You must die on the twenty-first! Die—twenty-first. Die—"

Perhaps I screamed the words, I do not know. At all events, the warden, who was passing my cell just then, entered.

"Mr. Darcourt," he said, "I have brought you a cigar."

"Thanks, warden," I answered, "I do not smoke."

"But I wish you to smoke this one," he said. "It is a particularly good one; it will make you sleep." He whispered the last words.

"Forever?" I asked feverishly.

He shook his head. "No, I cannot defeat the ends of justice —"

"Justice!" I sneered.

He did not heed my interruption, but continued: —

"You need sleep; come, light it."

The cigar nauseated me at first; soon I grew drowsy and had a long rest. I feel better now, but merciful God, unmerciful God, I mean, precious hours of life have I slept away.

Life! you who may read these lines, do you appreciate what it is? It is sunlight, flowers, a blue sky; air to breathe; human sympathy to cultivate; charity to exercise.

And I, a man not yet fifty; I who did no wrong; I who avenged the woman I loved, must die!

Have you any influence? Of course you have. You have a voice, a pen. Raise your voice, use your pen to wipe from society that blot — capital punishment.

Criminals need salutary examples, do they? Rot and nonsense. To what criminal will my execution be an example? What *man* would not have done as I did?

I must be hanged, must I, to prove that in this State, no preference is shown the exalted? Truth is, my life will be taken, so that rapacious hound in the gubernatorial chair shall not be exposed to the charge that he allowed a murderer to go unpunished. That means that my corpse will serve as a campaign document.

I am growing confused. Is this madness? I hope it is.

What has happened to me? When I last wrote a species of lethargy came, and now I am told that I have but four days more to live. Four days! Four times the sun will rise, four times morning will come, and fathers will kiss their children, will receive their loving caresses, and — nothing for me. And when the four days are over, I will be taken from here; it — it will happen. Progressive metamorphosis will stop with me, and the world will go on as if

I had never existed. And all this before I have completed or even fairly rounded the full vigor of manhood.

My children were here. Henry, a great splendid fellow of fifteen; Emeline, my baby, only three. Henry carried his little sister and placed her in my arms.

Baby put her hands to my cheeks, and kissed me rapturously.

"Come, papa, dear," she said, "let's go out into the garden and play horsey. I don't like this black house; it's too dark. Come out quick, papa dear."

Henry's face looked like stone. He stared wildly for a few moments, then took baby from me, and put her on my bed. "Emmy," he said, his voice sounded sepulchral, "here, play with brother's watch."

The noble fellow then turned to me and without a word threw his strong arms about my neck. His grasp grew closer and closer, it was convulsive; his chest heaved!

"Ding dong, the day is long,
The woodcock and the sparrow,"

sang little Emmeline.

"O papa," sobbed Henry.

I could not speak.

"No," ejaculated my boy wildly, "no, I should not add to your distress. Papa, others may say yours was a disgraceful death. I say you died nobly. I know you are pure; you are the soul of chivalry; you might have exposed Mrs. Marcy, you would rather die than compromise a woman's name. Papa, I am your son and I am proud of it. I will be proud to know that you did not fear death."

Then he relaxed his hold on me and sank onto my chair. He pressed his hands to his face and wept bitterly.

I could not articulate a sound. His grief paralyzed me.

"Papa," said my boy, suddenly controlling his anguish, "they searched me before I came in. They took my knife from me." His tone and manner were expressive.

"I shall come again the day after to-morrow," he whispered. "If then all hope is gone—" his drawn features were fearful in their anxiety,—"you shall not be executed and I shall not be hanged for cheating the law of its prey."

I pointed to little Emmeline.

"O God," Henry hissed through his teeth; "true, I must live, but how can I without you? You, the best father, the kindest friend—"

"Time's up, sir," said the officer who had carried Sweetheart from me. "Come, Baby," he said taking Emmy on his arm. "Kiss papa and come again soon." Tears were in his eyes. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Darcourt," he said anxiously, "make it short. It only hurts them and you too."

How they were taken out I do not know. I was dazed, and returned only to thought when the echoes brought my son's voice:—

"God damn the Skeenes!" I know he did not include Sweetheart in his curse.

The Skeenes! They were my mother, Aunt Helen, Aunt Adelaide, Uncle Stephen and Uncle Robert. That horde, my mother included, had gone onto the stand and sworn that I had always been a bad boy; unmanageable and headstrong; that I had inherited the low, cruel proclivities of my father, whom they did not cease to berate even after his death, or disappearance, for I do not know whether he is alive to-day or not.

If what Sweetheart told me is true (and who ever heard her lie?) my father was a very good man. He was too gentle though, too considerate of others — "and" said Sweetheart, "you are his very picture. O darling, if your father had been a determined, strong man, his life would have been so different."

His history was an unsatisfactory one. He was continually immersed in his studies which he loved only second to my mother. But for some reason, which I never understood, he was the object of hatred of all the Skeenes, except Sweetheart. Though Sweetheart never complained, I imagine it must have been a great relief for her when my grandfather died. If reports are true, he tortured her, to gratify the malice that seems the only motive which actuates his progeny. They vented it upon all and particularly upon those who submitted to it from self-interest or inability to resist.

The natural consequence was that despite their wealth, they were isolated practically. None voluntarily submitted

to the venom with which their every action and speech bristled.

To others, but occasionally thrown with the Skeenes, it must have appeared that they idolized each other. They used affectionate nicknames when designating themselves or their immediate relatives, but their family reunions were conducted either in grim silence or in bitter references to what each called the other's "history."

Every individual laid down a species of law and gospel of propriety for the others, and strove to show how it had been violated.

My mother did not hesitate to openly declare that Aunt Helen had been deserted by numerous lovers because (to quote my mother) "why should they buy a cow when milk was so cheap?"

Aunt Helen retorted by affecting solicitude for me. "How can the poor child help its wickedness? He cannot tell who his father was."

My uncles never conversed, except to accuse each member of the family of adulating their father, in quest of testamentary preference.

All enjoyed speaking of their family, as though it were one of renown. If reports of the manner in which their wealth was gained are true, then wisdom would have urged silence upon them.

The entire lot are undersized but have an arrogant bearing, which gives them the appearance of being of average stature. Their features are coarse, their small eyes shrewd, glistening, and rapacious. Charity in any of its senses, even its narrowest, has no existence for them. They have lived, and live in hate of their fellow-beings.

Agreeable to their inherited tendencies and the example set them by their father, they saw in their fellow-beings only objects of spoliation.

But enough of this set, which the irony of fate could not let spoil Sweetheart's divine disposition. Why such an angel should have been cast with such a fiend as my grandfather; why she should have brought into the world such demons, passes comprehension.

They treated her with contempt, and every demonstration of her inborn goodness towards them or others was met with: "Oh pshaw, you're no Skeene."

The first outbreak in which I took part, settled my position in the family.

Aunt Adelaide and my mother concocted an anonymous letter, destined to undermine the happiness of a neighbor from whom they had received many kindnesses.

Sweetheart came into the room as the last words of the epistle were read aloud by Aunt Adelaide.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Sweetheart in agony, "what does this mean? Is it possible that you are so black at heart —"

"Pshaw," said my mother, "you're no Skeene."

I sprang to my feet. "Thank God she is not," I shouted with youthful fervor, as I put my arm about Sweetheart. "I am ashamed of the dirty Skeene blood in me. Come, Sweetheart, let us leave this contemptible, despicable crowd."

"You young Ishmaelite," said my mother and Aunt Adelaide together.

Sweetheart appeared calm in her grief. Not a tear was in her eyes, and her voice revealed only determination and surprising severity:

"If that letter is sent, I shall expose its source."

We left the room together.

About a year later, an unusually serious quarrel separated my mother and Aunt Adelaide. From the exchange of offences, I deduced that my mother had surprised Aunt Adelaide embracing Mr. Siefeld.

Shortly thereafter, Aunt Adelaide affected extreme amiability towards me; its purpose, I soon learned, was to get me to steal from my mother a package of letters, which — I had enough of the bad Skeene traits — I read. They should have been destroyed, as they contained anything but enviable confessions on part of the writers. With them was a photograph of my father, crunched and broken — across it was written in my mother's hand, the word "Ishmaelite."

I returned the letters, but kept the photograph.

Aunt Adelaide came into my room one day as I was looking at the picture.

"Robert, dear," said my aunt, "I thought you were at college."

"No, aunt," I answered, "we have no lectures this morning."

"What is that?" she asked, affecting a curious interest, although she recognized the portrait at once.

I showed it to her.

"Wretch!" Aunt Adelaide exclaimed indignantly.

"Aunt Adelaide!" I protested.

"Now, Robert," said my aunt, "don't get excited. You are old enough to know the truth, and you will understand why I take pleasure in telling it to you. That man, whose picture you have, is your father."

"Yes, I know it," I said. "What of it? He does not look like a bad man."

"He was not; but he was weak, trusting, and honest."

It was curious to hear any of the Skeenes attribute honesty or any good quality to others.

Aunt Adelaide continued: "He was a handsome, courteous, refined, educated gentleman, who threw himself away on your mother."

"Aunt Adelaide, I will not listen to aspersions upon my mother, your sister."

"More's the pity that she is my sister." Aunt Adelaide said with a contemptuous half-laugh, half-cough. "But let me tell you the whole story. If your father lives, you may meet him some day, and then you must repeat what I shall now reveal to you. It will take a weight from his soul, an unmerited weight. Will you hear me, Robert?"

"Go on," I said curtly.

For an instant her eyes gleamed with anger, but she suppressed it.

"An accident brought your father to our house. Nettie, your mother, at once appealed to his soft heart; they became engaged, as he wished to take her from the family with whom she was so unhappy; from her unprincipled father and brothers, from the wretched sisters, as she chose to consider her relations.

"Your father did not or would not understand my affection for him. At the time I was engaged also, but as has been usual with us, the engagement did not last long. I was not sorry for it, because I wanted to marry your father.

"But he was either so obtuse or so full of honor that he would not heed me. I warned him of Nettie, but he angrily bade me be silent.

"As the time for the wedding approached I knew something decisive must be done, as his marrying Nettie meant for me a life of misery. I told him so and he was horrified. He looked glorious in his rage.

"But I could not resist the impulse of my heart. To prove how much I loved him, I wrote him offering myself without even the ties and obligations imposed by the law."

"Aunt Adelaide!" I could not suppress the ejaculation.

"Just like your father," she said in admiration. "When next we met, I asked if he had received my note.

"Yes," he answered curtly.

"And your decision?" I asked.

"That you never speak to me again." With that he handed me my letter.

"What a power for his own good he could have wielded over me, had foolish chivalry not obliged him —"

"Never mind that, Aunt Adelaide, you know we cannot agree on matters of principles. I am anxious to know more of my father; please continue."

She seemed to gather her thoughts for a moment and then proceeded:—

"When you grow older you may learn to appreciate the fury that actuates a scorned woman. I felt resentment towards your father, and knowing your mother's disposition, I set about directing all hatred against your father."

She then showed me one of the peculiarities of the family. Her thoughts having turned to the pleasure enjoyed in venting ire upon my father, she drifted from the original line of her remarks, and became bitter against my father's memory.

"Aunt Adelaide," I asked in consternation, "why do you tell me this?"

"So that you may see the correctness of our position. Someone may tell you how good and how talented and how honorable your father was—"

"Yes," I remarked sententiously, "someone *has* told me."

"Oh, I dare say," said Aunt Adelaide superciliously; "but she is no Skeene."

I did not interrupt her, lest we should come to a quarrel about Sweetheart, her mother.

"Well," Aunt Adelaide continued, "your father had the temerity to marry into our family—"

"He did not marry you," I thought.

"And if you will remember what he was and what we are, the children of ex-governor Skeene—"

Shame passed through my mind as his repute came to memory.

"You will understand that we could not treat him as an equal. He, not appreciating our superiority, demanded that social recognition which we quite properly refused, and finally he went so far as to protest against our sister, a Skeene, mind you, attending entertainments from which he quite naturally was excluded. Mr. Siefeld came along and—"

"Yes, you thought proper that my mother allow herself to be called Mrs. Siefeld—I remember," I said angrily.

"Well, I am sure we were entitled to select for our sister a more desirable name, if we wanted to. However, your mother acted so badly to Mr. Siefeld that he now will not marry her and she is disgracing us."

"Aunt Adelaide," I said, "I have had trouble with my mother because of what she called disrespect to you. Now I will have no more of this."

I left her not then understanding her purpose. Later I learned it was nothing less than to use me as a lever whereby I should insist upon Siefeld marrying my mother, or his leaving our house.

The many other little intrigues of which those people were guilty, need not be mentioned.

Like the venomous cobra, which is said when it finds nothing else upon which to vent its spite, sinks its fangs into its own flesh, the Skeenes, no other prey offering, worked ill to each other.

My boy had already become an object of their malice; he had also heard their testimony against me, hence his invoking God's malediction upon them.

Only two days more. I dare not think, I *must* write.

This world is not wicked. Among all classes we find some good. This morning one of the death-watch came into the cage.

"Mr. Darcourt," he said,—they always call me Mr. Dar-

court, not "Bob" nor by any of the familiar designations other prisoners must bear—"Mr. Darcourt, you've got ter excuse me sir, for leavin' of yer. You be the eighth man I watched, and I thort I was use ter it. But this is too hard. That old lady, sir, and them young ones, they sticks in me craw, they does. I can't stand it. I haint got nothin' agin yer, I haint, an' maybe I'm tough, an' I'd like ter make it as easy for yer as I can, but them they knocks me out, they doos, sure as shootin'. So I want ter sorter say good-by to yer and to tell yer, it's a dam shame that they're goin' to swing yer; see?"

He grasped my hand and was gone. I just received a note from him:—

"respectful Sir im agone to se them kids of yourn and the old lady so if i kin do annithing fur them you bet i will pleas mister darcourt try to clim onto the collar buttin of some prair pleas i had 8 expeerences and i give it to you strait it makes it eezzy fur em eesiern hel jest try it if you dont no enny prair and don't care to have none of the preechers i dont beleev in em myself jest try one i no. the only one i no now i lay me down to sleep if i shud die befor i waik i pray to the lord my soul to keep i pray to the lord my soul to tak im goin to say the prair fur you anyway your kind frend jake callian

excuse bad ritin an spellin becaus i am so dam sorry pleas try to pray."

Could there be anything more pathetic? But how can I pray? How can I believe that anything but utter annihilation awaits me?

Those who are free, those who need not fear death, because it comes unawares—

Great God, what is that? They are hammering. My heart leaps with each stroke. Is it not the acme of brutal persecution, to let me hear the construction of the gallows?

In less than forty-eight hours the sheriff will come with his deputies and all the pomp and dignity to make the occasion more solemn. Can it be made more dreadful, more merciless?

The hangman will pinion my arms; he will put the noose about my neck, the black cap on my head, and I will be marched forth to the slaughter like a beast.

The thought drives me wild—I cannot write—I think I

am growing faint,—good-by, Sweetheart — good-by, Henry — good-by, Emmy.

I do not understand it at all. I am in bed. This looks exactly like the room — my room in the old house in which we lived before my mother became Mrs. Siefeld. I was twenty-four or twenty-five then.

I must be dreaming. I feel very weak ; I can hardly hold the pencil. And this pile of paper — all covered with my writing. It seems to me as if I were a young man again. Am I going mad ?

Am I dreaming or delirious ? I must be either.

I remember someone stroking my cheek gently.

"Now Robert, let go, I tell you ; thermometers are not good to eat. Come, now, open your mouth." The voice was firm but kind.

I obeyed and something smooth was taken from between my lips.

Then a voice, a lovely voice, so like that of Sweetheart, asked : —

"How is it, to-day, Doctor ?"

"Normal," answered the man in an exultant tone.

"And ?" asked Sweetheart's voice again.

"He must be conscious soon," responded the other.

"And ?" again asked Sweetheart. I felt sure it was she.

"I confirm my prognosis of yesterday ; he will recover."

"Oh, thank God !" exclaimed Sweetheart fervently.

A moment later she asked : —

"But Doctor, how is it possible for a delirious man to have written all this ; imagining himself sixteen years older, conjuring up a wife, children, a crime, converting me" she laughed, "into a shrieking beldame, and yet," she added sadly, "apparently conscious of the truth about others ?"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Skeene, everything is possible in typhoid fever. But we will not talk here. It is the twenty-first day : let him write if he wishes ; remnants of the delirium may cling to him yet ; he will gradually come out of it — you will see."

They left the room together. As they passed the mirror I opened my eyes ever so slightly ; I feared to dispel the enchanting dream.

In the glass was reflected Sweetheart, dressed in her usual black *moire*; her beautiful white hair brushed daringly up from her brow. Her face was somewhat pale as if from long vigils, but otherwise she was as pretty as ever.

She caught my glance and despite the doctor's admonition, rushed to where I lay, and as a young girl might, took me in her arms and kissed me, while tears of happiness coursed down her cheeks.

NOTES ON THE LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

WORKING GIRLS.

MR. BRYCE, in his suggestive chapter upon the Position of Women, in the *American Commonwealth*, declares that the results of her emancipation have been favorable to the character and usefulness of women in our land. Doubtless he is correct. They have been; but the question presses, "Will they be?" It is probable that, in the city of Boston to-day, there are not less than 30,000 girls engaged in occupations other than domestic service. This number is at present rapidly increasing, and comprises all classes of womanhood, intelligent and ignorant, virtuous and abandoned. One can easily point out in our city a widow with five small children, who earns at pant making the munificent sum of \$2.50 a week, and to do this is obliged to press her little three-year old girl into service, by teaching her to overcast the seams. The melancholy confession must be made that probably this ignorant and incompetent woman receives all that she earns. On the other hand, there are girls of intelligence and ability who are able relatively to care for themselves as well as their brothers, and for their money a good deal better. Between these two classes, the exceptionally fortunate, and the exceptionally unfortunate, must be ranked the great body of working girls who are able to earn just about enough to meet the necessary expenses, but who can lay aside no margin to meet the expenses of sickness, or of enforced idleness. It is necessary that, with relation to these, the truth be emphasized that, as a class, they are both virtuous and honorable. The slur which attaches to them in the popular thought and speech is an injustice, the bitterness of which is felt most by those to whom it is least applicable. Let it be understood that the ranks of immorality are not recruited largely from the working girls. The regulations of stores and of shops are such that the girl who enters either, determined to preserve her womanhood and her character, is relatively as safe as in her home. The girl who courts insult will receive it anywhere, but the girl who respects herself can always find redress should her womanhood be assailed or her character reproached. That evil exists where large companies of men and women are employed, is

always more or less true, but that known evil is winked at, tolerated, or encouraged in our shops and stores is an ill-founded impression; of the many rumors of improper proposals being made to girls seeking work, only one authenticated case was discovered by a thorough investigator. In fact, an improper word from a clerk to a lady employee would generally, in our stores, be cause for summary discharge.

The working girls of Boston need imperatively the honor and esteem of their own sex. It is true the nobility of work as a principle is confessed among us, but the principle needs to be actualized in conduct. To lift the working girl, we need to confess her nobility. One has only to draw the curtain and discern the causes which have driven these girls out of the retirement of their homes into the publicity of life to admire them. It is not ambition, it is necessity which has been the spur. There are aged parents, invalid brothers and sisters, mortgages to be discharged, and funds to be raised, these are the things which have brought many a delicate girl out to seek in the world and its competitions, a livelihood for herself and those who are dependent upon her. We confess the nobility of labor in connection with the fine arts; we must more and more confess it in connection with the useful arts.

Womanhood must protect her own. It is a fact that girls behind the counter would rather have for customers gentlemen than ladies; and the ground reason they give is that from gentlemen they receive courtesy, from ladies not infrequently contempt. We do not mean to be sweeping in our condemnation of womanhood: but we do mean to emphasize the truth that the woman who works should be honored and respected by the woman who avails herself of her work.

The temptations of the working girl are largely the product of loneliness. It is a mistake to believe that woman's natural vanity is the working girl's rock of stumbling. The last report of the Commissioner of Labor on "Working Women in Large Cities" declares with relation to Boston, "The most striking feature of the home life of the working women of Boston is the great number who live in lodging houses." They come to us from the surrounding country towns and British Provinces. They have, most of them, no parlor in which to receive friends; they live in one room. They are strangers in a strange city. They had friends at home; but here, as one confessed, they are afraid to make friends; they cannot live entirely to themselves, however, and thus the spirit of loneliness impels many a girl towards those temptations which mean attention, gayety, and companionship, when, but for this, she would be proof against the wiles of the adversary. The working girl in her loneliness needs not charity;

she needs that sympathy which makes the whole world kin. While too much cannot be said in favor of those varied homes, and associations, and clubs, whose mission it is to dispel the spirit of loneliness and place the best things within the working girl's reach, still it remains true that what these need to make them most efficient is more accomplished, intelligent, and refined women of standing, who, besides giving their money will give themselves, and consider it a privilege to supply personally that which the working girl craves, which cannot be purchased with yellow coin, namely, sympathetic friendship.

That loneliness leads to temptation may be illustrated in another way. A girl came to our city to support her mother and child, who were dependent upon her. She was friendless, but noble-hearted and heroic. She thought that by making a little home and renting a few rooms, of which her mother should take care, that she might be able to improve her circumstances. She purchased upon the instalment plan a little furniture. She had paid quite a sum upon it when sickness overtook her. The instalment must be paid. There was none of whom she could borrow. A falsehood would secure her money from a broker, and the falsehood was told, a mortgage given, and the money paid over to meet the instalment. After a time sickness came again; another instalment due; another falsehood told, another mortgage secured; another payment made. The holder of the second mortgage demanded his principal. She was unable to meet it. With the penitentiary staring her in the face she went to a stranger, told her story, found a friend, was released from her embarrassing position, and is to-day bravely at work making adequate compensation. She is noble hearted, pure, and true; her sickness and her loneliness made her a prey to temptation. This case is not isolated; loneliness more than vanity is the peril of the Boston working girl. To dispel this loneliness, she must be recognized according to her worth, recognized by society, recognized by the church. A Christianity is worthless which does not lay its hand of strength upon the shoulder of real life; a church is a blot upon the fair escutcheon of the Gospel whose members fail to go into the byways and hedges of life to aid and strengthen those whose lives are cast in dangerous or uncongenial places. The working girl of Boston, better than in any other way, can be helped by receiving from her own sex the honor which her womanhood deserves, and from philanthropy and Christianity that companionship and cordiality which shall exchange the garment of loneliness which shrouds her in her lodging-house home, for one of friendliness and sympathy.

REV. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON.

POVERTY AND PLUTOCRACY. A GLANCE AT OUR
PRESENT STRAINED SOCIAL CONDITION.

NUMBER ONE.*

BECAUSE wage-earners, as a class, enjoy to-day more of the good things of life than ever before, by some it is argued that, in their condition, there is nothing of which they may reasonably complain. But the question concerning the wage-earning class that is up for discussion, as fair-minded persons will perceive, is not whether they enjoy more of the wealth they produce than heretofore, but whether they enjoy all they are entitled to. That a wealth producer should possess all he produces we are beginning to understand, and to a somewhat clear general perception that society is so organized that in some manner the wage-earner is always being juggled out of part of his products, the increasing discontent among working men and others in their behalf is to be attributed. How to insure the worker the fruits of his labor is the social problem of to-day. That this question is growing in importance and interest, no one who observes the great number of books and magazine articles pertaining to it can doubt. One can hardly listen to a speech or sermon or direct his eyes to a page of current literature without having the social question thrust upon him. This is an encouraging sign of the times, for though much that is written is crude in thought, and many of the suggested remedies for existing social evils, if put in practice would be worse than the disease, it is all provocative of discussion, and only through thinking, writing, and speaking can this or any other question of human interest be settled.

That we are in a period immediately preceding great social changes that will affect the constitution of society politically and industrially I think is beyond question. In this country, in my opinion, we have nearly reached the limit of continuance for our present form of government and arrangement of society. Partisan methods, involving bribery on a tremendous scale, so dominate our elections and appointments to office that the people are rapidly losing respect for the authority of Government and the decisions of courts. Our public "servants" are more and more becoming our rulers. The evil is flagrant, and is growing unbearable. Within a short time, historically speaking, some

* This paper by the editor of the *Twentieth Century* is the first contribution of a series of short studies on our present social and economic conditions by leading thinkers and agitators that will appear in successive issues of THE ARENA, the whole forming a symposium of great value to those who appreciate the gravity of the situation, and who believe that only through earnest and persistent agitation can we hope for a triumph of right and justice.—Ed.]

better method of administering public affairs by force will be devised, or the people will accustom themselves to do without military government altogether. We are being rapidly compelled to decide whether we shall have some form of military government under which the acts of the legislators shall more nearly express the will of the people, or whether the functions of Government shall be reduced to a minimum. Some change must be made or we shall be robbed of what liberty we have or plunged into revolution. Presidents elected by bribed voters, cabinet officers appointed as a reward for raising corruption funds, and judges who arbitrarily condemn innocent persons to prison or the gallows for holding unpopular opinions cannot long obtain without the enslavement of the masses or war.

Economically also the situation is unstable. Our present system of holding land, under which probably three fourths of all the land in this country, for speculative purposes, is held out of use, thus producing rent and a powerful class of non-laboring rent-takers; our present system of issuing money, by which the circulating medium of the country is monopolized for the benefit of the bondholders and the creditor class generally, thus producing interest and another powerful class of non-laboring interest-takers, and the complete subserviency of the law-makers, editors, and clergymen, as a rule, to these two powerful classes, resulting in multitudinous laws intended to favor the cunning operations of those who live by plundering wealth producers by means of the legal manipulation of capital and the fostering of public opinion favorable to such legislation, have brought nearly to culmination a social system that must end in beneficent change, the complete enslavement of wage-earners, or war.

What the outcome will be no man can prophesy. Economic education may be so rapid that needful modifications will be made, or stupid indifference may lull the mass of the people into a carelessness that will be punished by complete industrial servitude,—a mighty plutocracy living in unparalleled splendor, with millions of human drudges providing them with whatever their vitiated tastes may demand; or an increase of the power and impudence of the capitalists may lash an awakened and outraged people into fury that will express itself in bloody and dreadful war.

For the first of these contingencies every right-minded person must wish and labor. The second is not very probable but quite possible. The third is likely to happen.

Already the coal miners in this country are reduced to actual slavery, but among them are many men exceedingly well informed in economic principles. If they become convinced that permanent slavery or revolution are their only alternatives, they will

rebel. Already the farmers of this country, as a class, are mere tenants-at-will of capitalists who hold mortgages on their farms. They are becoming thoroughly aroused and alarmed about their future. To be tamely whipped into serfdom they will not submit, because they are beginning to clearly understand that they are the victims of unjust land and money laws, and to comprehend the character and operation of the legislation that is so fatal to them. Those laws they will have changed, or fight for their homes and the products of their labor against the persons who persist in maintaining and enforcing them. That they will submit to be enslaved much more than they now are is not probable.

Will there be any considerable change in the situation by which the next generation will benefit? I believe there will. I think this industrial system will not last fifty years longer. It will be peacefully improved or violently overthrown to give place to a better. That our civilization, like some civilizations of the past, will be utterly destroyed is not probable. What changes come are likely to be improvements, and some great accomplishment for the social betterment of men will probably occur within the next fifty years. The only question is whether the improvement will come through evolution or revolution. Through evolution I hope; through revolution I fear.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

AN INTERESTING PSYCHIC PHENOMENON.

SOME recent articles in various magazines concerning some strange events induce me to send you the following account of a marvellous dream.

The gentleman who told it to me is an honored lawyer of Portland, Me., the city of my residence. In reciting it, he said, "If I had read of this in a book, I should have found it very difficult to accept it, but I know that it is true." He has recently conferred with the brother to whom reference is made, and the latter confirms the truthfulness of his narration. Capt. F—, the brother of my informant, was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. The night before his death he dreamed that he led his company into the battle and that, early in the day, he was shot through the pit of the stomach and fell dead. He rose from sleep greatly depressed. The colonel of his regiment perceived his gloom and, after much questioning, discovered the cause. "You are unwell," the colonel said in kindest tones; "you must not go into the fight; I will have you sent to the rear; you are too valuable an officer for us to lose; I will have the doctor order you to report yourself on the sick list." "No," was the reply;

"it shall never be said that Capt. F—— suffered his men to go into battle, without leading them himself." No persuasion could induce him to keep out of the fight. He led his men calmly; early in the battle, he was shot through the pit of the stomach, and fell dead.

The news of his death was telegraphed to his brother in Portland. He started at once for Gettysburg, going by way of Baltimore. Arrived at the field, he saw some soldiers of his brother's company, sitting near a rail fence. Pushing on, he passed a brook, which had risen rapidly a day or two before, and had overflowed its western bank. The ground beyond was, therefore, very oozy, and my friend found it difficult to walk. He saw the board bearing his brother's name, and so marking the temporary grave. But he soon discovered that he could not raise the body without much assistance. Accordingly, he returned to the group of soldiers, and asked them to load themselves with the rails of the fence. This they did, and all advanced to the grave. It was necessary to lay down some of the rails in order that they might walk and get close to the grave. Then my friend requested two soldiers to put two rails, one on each side, down into the earth so as to reach below the knees of the body. Two others placed rails below the waist. My friend himself bared his arms, and placed them under the neck. At word of command all lifted, and the body was brought to the surface. Uncovering the face, it was found to be discolored by mud, and Mr. F—— instinctively reached for his handkerchief, but found that he had removed his vest as well as coat. Remembering that the handkerchief was in one of the pockets of the vest, he laid the body down, went to a hillock near by, returned, wiped the face, and then, reverently covering it, had the body put in the coffin he had purchased at Baltimore. Leaving the field with his precious burden, he reached Portland, and went to a neighboring town where his parents were awaiting him. A brother had come from the northern part of the State. After a brief interview in the house, this brother said that he wished to have further conversation in the barn. Arrived there, he said, "John, when you arrived at the field of Gettysburg, did you meet some soldiers of A——'s company, sitting near a rail fence?" "I did," was the surprised reply. "Did you go on, pass a brook, find the ground oozy, and could not reach A——'s grave?" "I did." "Did you return to the soldiers, ask them to take rails, and go with you?" "I did; but in God's name, why do you ask these questions?" It seemed to him as if his hair was rising up all over his head. "I will tell you by-and-by. Did you have rails put beneath the knees and waist? Did you raise the head yourself? Did you wish to wipe the face, go to a hillock for your

vest, return, wipe away the discoloration caused by mud and place the body in a coffin you had brought with you?" "I did; but how do you know all these things?" In reply, the brother stated that a neighbor, a lady, had come to his house a few days before, crying out, "I have had such a horrible dream! A—— is killed. John has gone on to get the body." *Then she recited all the details given above.*

"How can these things be?" may well be said. I send you the account, Mr. Editor, to be used as you may deem best. Mr. F——, my informant, will confirm all I have written. Surely this is a marvellous dream. Who will explain it?

Visiting Tufts College some time ago, as one of its Board of Visitors, I saw two volumes, which bore the title, "Phantasms of the Living." "Phantasms of the *Living!*" I said, "what are these? I have heard of phantasms of the *dead*, but not of the living." The books proved to be the records of the English Society of Psychological Research. They contain many wonderful accounts. They deserve the serious attention of scholarly men. Unless I am greatly mistaken, among these accounts, this marvellous dream, told me by my friend, deserves a place.—REV. HENRY BLANCHARD.

DR. HARTT'S THEORY PROVES INEFFECTUAL IN ACTUAL PRACTICE.

ALLOW me to add a few words in regard to the article in your May number, by Dr. Henry A. Hartt, entitled "Another View of the Rum Problem." If I understand the writer, he fancies he has found a solution of this problem in the simple expedient of making drunkenness a crime. He asks if it has ever occurred to us that it is a crime, and if we ought not to treat it like other crimes; he states it has long seemed strange to him that we do not associate it with other felonies in our penal code and inflict upon it a severe and an ignominious penalty; he is persuaded that by so doing "we should speedily banish it from respectable society to the haunts of debauchery and crime." Dr. Hartt apparently advances this "view" in the honest belief that it is a novel and an almost original one; and he mentions with great satisfaction the fact that last winter the Legislature of Minnesota enacted such a law as he is advocating, making drunkenness a crime and providing that on the third, and all subsequent convictions, it shall be visited with imprisonment. "Here at last," he says, "in a western State, without agitation or flourish of trumpets, a measure of overwhelming importance has been introduced, and if it shall be

faithfully and impartially carried out, it will undoubtedly, ere long, be adopted by every State in this Union," etc.

Now what I wish to call attention to is simply this: that there has been on the statute-book of Vermont, ever since 1855, a law making drunkenness a crime, imposing a fine, the person convicted to stand committed until the judgment be complied with. Gen. Stat. of Vt. (1862), ch. 94, sec. 10; also Rev. Stat. of Vt., sec. 3812. In 1876, was enacted a law for the summary arrest of drunken disturbers of "the public or domestic peace and tranquillity," to be committed to custody until capable of testifying, when they are to be required to make disclosure of the place where and the person of whom the liquor producing intoxication was obtained; in case of failure to do so, they are to be committed to jail. Rev. Laws, secs. 3814-3816, inc.

It is true that none of the statutes above referred to imposed imprisonment as a mode of punishment, either alternative or exclusive, for intoxication; and, in so far, would fall short of Dr. Hartt's ideal of a code that should inflict a severe and an ignominious penalty on this offence; but the principle which he is advocating, namely, that drunkenness is a crime, was thereby established, and a penalty was affixed.

Coming now down to the year 1886, our Legislature enacted the following (Public Acts of that year, No. 39, sec. 1):—

"If a person is found intoxicated, he shall on the first conviction thereof pay a fine of five dollars to the State with costs of prosecution; on a second conviction a fine of ten dollars with costs of prosecution; on the third and each subsequent conviction a fine of twenty dollars with costs of prosecution and imprisonment for the term of one month; provided the prosecution is commenced within thirty days after the offence is committed," etc.

The remainder of the section makes it the duty of the prosecuting officer, under penalty, to allege in the complaint, etc., prior known convictions, and make proof of the same. You will notice that the punishment for third and subsequent offences under this law is cumulative, fine *and* imprisonment; being in that respect, unless I am mistaken, more severe than the Minnesota law.

Here the pertinent query naturally suggests itself, whether our laws on this subject, which have been in force for the length of time indicated above, have actually had the result that Dr. Hartt claims would follow the enactment of such laws; whether they have to any appreciable extent banished drunkenness "from respectable society to the haunts of debauchery and crime." It is here, in his claim that such results would follow, that this is the true and only solution of the "rum problem," that in my estimation, he has earned his title to originality. I think it is safe to say that such an idea has never occurred to anyone else. The practical workings of our law can be stated in a few words.

Arrests are made in two classes of cases: when the subject is dead drunk, lying in the gutter or on the sidewalk; or when, in addition to being drunk, he commits some excess by language or conduct, in the nature of a breach of the peace. For crime of drunkenness, pure and simple, unattended by any of these incidents and provocations, arrests are rarely, if ever, made. It may be laid down as a general rule that a person visibly intoxicated, who yet retains sufficient control over his actions to refrain from conduct positively offensive to others, can walk our streets at midnight or at noon-day unmolested. The consequence is obvious. Roughs and disreputable characters are not unfrequently apprehended for drunkenness, but the respectable citizen (though it is an open secret that many of our "respectable citizens" are sometimes in a "state of liquor") is safe. Indeed, were a public prosecutor to display the hardihood to prosecute an infringement of this law by a citizen of good standing, unless the offence were committed under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, his zeal would serve only to arouse popular indignation and, in all probability, bring about his own speedy political decapitation. Yet it is from "respectable society" that such laws are expected to banish drunkenness!

H. C. ROYCE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE SCIENTIFIC

SENSATION

OF THE HOUR.

MESMERISM *alias* hypnotism, the latest scientific sensation of the hour, was a few years since denounced by the scientific world in unmeasured terms. No expressions of scornful contempt were strong enough to characterize those fearless torch-bearers of advance thought, who after patiently, earnestly, and exhaustively investigating the alleged powers of Mesmer, proved beyond the possibility of a doubt the genuineness of the mesmeric or hypnotic influence.

They were charlatans, impostors, or mentally unsound in the eyes, not only of the medical profession, but the scientific world, with some few notable exceptions. The more charitably disposed among the great conservative societies of scientific thinkers, were content to regard those who believed in such "absurdities," as mesmerism, as "unduly credulous;" liable to be "duped;" and, therefore, not "safe" or "critical" investigators.

Camille Flammarion, the illustrious French astronomer, in his recent remarkable novel *Uranie*, tells us that fifteen years ago he communicated to several physicians the magnetic phenomena observed by himself in the course of many experiments. One and all denied most positively and absolutely the possibility of the facts related, but on meeting one of these same physicians at the Institute in Paris, recently, he called his attention to his denial of the phenomena. "Oh!" replied the physician, not without shrewdness, "*then* it was magnetism, *now* it is hypnotism, and it is *we* who study it; that is a very different thing." The astronomer wisely adds by way of impressing the moral: "Let us deny nothing positively; let us study; let us examine; the explanation will come later." Which reminds us of the equally wise advice of another great Frenchman, Victor Hugo, who in reproving the narrow spirit of bigotry manifested by certain materialistic scientists said:—

"The table tipping and talking has been much laughed at. To speak plainly this rillery is out of place. To replace inquiry by mockery is convenient but not scientific. For my part I think that the strict duty of science is to test all phenomena. Science is ignorant and has no right to laugh. A savant who laughs at the possible is very near being an idiot. The unexpected should always be expected by science. Her duty is to stop it in its course and search it, rejecting the chimerical and establishing the real. Science should verify and distinguish. The circumstance that the false mingles with the true is no excuse for rejecting the whole. When was the tare an excuse for refusing the corn? Hoe out the error, but reap the fact and place it beside others. Science is the sheaf of facts. The mission of science is to study and sound everything. To evade a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it that attention to which it has a right; to bow it out, to turn our backs on it laughing, is to make truth a bankrupt and to leave the signature of science to be protested. The phenomenon of the table of to-day is entitled, like anything else, to investigation. Psychic science will gain by it, without doubt. Let us add that to abandon phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason."

A true scientist will take cognizance of the smallest fact, and though the light that floats before may appear a mere will-o'-the-wisp, he will follow it until he demonstrates by careful, impartial, and exhaustive investigation whether it rests on the bed rock of truth or not, remem-

bering that the prejudices of hoary thought and early training may blind him to sensible appreciation of the true significance of the problem that confronts him. It is not more than five years since a paper read on Hypnotism in the medical society of a leading American city was excluded from the report of the society's meeting on the ground that the subject was unscientific and absurd.

Less than a decade ago telepathy was as much an outcast in the scientific world as mesmerism was after the celebrated Bailey commission pronounced it a "fraud." Yet to-day telepathy, or thought transference, is as well established a scientific fact as hypnotism.

From present indications we are entering a new field of scientific discovery, or to be more explicit the great body of scientific thinkers are expressing a willingness to recognize phenomena other than material, and to treat with a measure of respect the views and discoveries made by the patient heralds of psychic truths which have long been tabooed as little worthy the attention of the materialistic scientific investigator, whose eyes have been accustomed to rest on the earth, its rocks, plants, and animals, as the myths of bygone days. The age of electrical invention has been so marvellous, that men have ceased to wonder at the inventive ingenuity of man. The age of psychological discovery upon which we are now entering, if it be unrestricted and receive the careful and unbiassed attention of our best brains will, we believe, unfold a world of truth, eclipsing in its startling character as well as in its great utility the greatest discoveries since the man-child science was born; truths which will give to life a deeper significance, a richer meaning, a nobler impulse, a grander ideal.

REV. R. HEBER
NEWTON,
IN THE AUGEAN
STABLES.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton has shocked the Sanhedrim of conservatism. This is nothing new. A man so thoroughly awake to the needs of the present day; so fearless and untrammelled both religiously and intellectually; so conscientious and humane in nature and impulse; and so thoroughly imbued with the Christ spirit as is this leading Metropolitan divine, must necessarily constantly outrage the Phariseism of to-day, as his master outraged conservatism more than eighteen centuries ago.

Dr. Newton's latest offence is an effort to purify the politics of New York. A hereulean task truly, but a work which should enlist the instant, earnest, and undivided co-operation of *every* clergyman in the metropolis; but no one acquainted with fashionable Christianity to-day supposes for a moment that such a miracle could take place. Humanity is much the same in every age; and conservative or "respectable" thought has not changed since Christ thundered his denunciation against the Pharisees, who believed that the gold was greater than the temple that sanctified it; that the letter was more important than the spirit; that while the outside of the cup must be cleansed, the inside, though foul, might remain, provided its filth was not discovered. In commenting on ministers seeking to awaken the moral element of society by discussing "secular subjects," a leading Protestant clergyman of New York writes: "These secular subjects, however ably they may be discussed, never regenerate a soul." To which we may reply, if half the clergy in the metropolis united in a bold, determined, persistent attack on the evils of that city, which are at once a sad commentary on Christianity and a shame to nineteenth-century civilization, instead of descanting on the wickedness of the Jews two thousand years ago, it would not be long before the metropolis of the New World would be a regenerated city. And, seriously, is not this the most effective way for the Church

to prove the beneficence of her mission? Had Christ contented himself with expounding the Rabbinical scriptures after the manner of the Scribes and Pharisees, and carefully avoided denouncing the shortcomings of the wealthy and cultured classes, he would have doubtless become a most popular leader of ancient thought, winning fame and honor among the elite of his day. He chose, however, to strike at the evils of his age; to tear aside the mask; to condemn iniquity in high places; to stampede the moral lepers when they gathered around him, hypocritically asking how he would treat the opposite sex for sinning as they had sinned. Christ was no respecter of persons; neither did he care for the "good taste" of the elite of his age. With him it was a question whether or not the fountain was pure at its source; whether a thing was right or wrong. He turned the eye inward. He exalted the spirit. He cared little for the dogma, the rite, or ritual. The heart, not the phylactery, challenged his thought. It never occurred to him that it was improper to confine himself to the duties and the evils of the hour. Perhaps had he been so constituted that he preferred a fashionable church and a wealthy congregation, he would have confined himself to subjects two thousand years removed from his day. That the Church is so wealthy and powerful to-day while great evils grow unchecked and unrebuked until they assume giant-like proportions on every hand, proves conclusively that there is something radically wrong with the Church. She has either lost her hold on the heart of humanity or she has been overtaken with the ague of fear, — *fear of losing worldly prestige and wealth, — if she lives up to her higher impulses.* In exalting the letter, has not the Church well-nigh lost the spirit? According to a leading New York daily there are forty thousand women and girls in that city whose wages are so low that they must embrace vice, apply for charity, or starve, while one clergyman receives twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and others receive twenty thousand for preaching the gospel of Christ to — *the rich.* What the Church to-day requires is more brave, fearless champions, men who love humanity better than gold, fashion, or luxury, who will engage in the battle along the lines Christ laid down; who will pay less attention to externalism and more to the needs of humanity at the present time. The wealthy citizens who bribe their way into office; the millionaire stock gamblers whose fortunes rest on the ruins of countless lives; the proprietors of gilded saloons; the despoilers of homes; the fashionable butterfly, whose selfish life knows as little of real soul culture as it knows of the grinding want and misery which is everywhere calling so pathetically for relief and sympathy; these and kindred classes in our fashionable congregations never tire of hearing Pilate berated or Judas condemned. But when a true reformer appears who is brave, conscientious, able, and manly enough to do precisely what their master did, he cannot count on a solid phalanx behind him. It is a lamentable fact that such fearless, honest, reverent, tolerant, and able representatives as Dr. Newton are not the rule in the pulpit of to-day; and this melancholy condition of affairs accounts in a great measure for the notable fact that so many of the leaders in all the great reformatory measures of the hour are in the ranks of the agnostics and liberal thinkers. Moral stagnation in the Church; its conservatism and cowardice in assailing the living evils; its contentions over rite, form, and dogma; in a word, its allegiance to externalism, have driven numbers of the noblest and manliest brains of the age into the ranks of its foes.

In the present crusade in which Dr. Newton has so fearlessly engaged, we are gratified to see he has recently been seconded by a number of leading clergymen, coming especially from denominations usually

considered conservative. Among this number we mention with pleasure Bishop Potter, the Rev. Dr. Huntington of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Mgr. Thomas J. Ducey of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church. The last named clergyman speaks in the following manly language of the duties of ministers in the presence of living evils:—

"If men make a corner on the products of nature, in violation of the rights of the multitude, is not this a basic injustice, and would it not be the duty of the Christian minister to make this truth felt? The wealthy members of a congregation might say it was dragging business matters into the sanctuary. I would deny this assertion and say it was simply the answer of unjust corporate wealth to protect its vicious course. I would support this view with the words and the acts of the founder of Christianity. When we bear in mind the appalling denunciations against wealth and its perversion, which we read in the Scripture, how marked and authoritative an attitude should we not expect from the ministers of the Church which professes to represent the justice and fearlessness of Christ in his dealings with this class? How earnest and impressive, we would say, should be the admonitions to them to place no trust in riches, but to live as poor in spirit. Again to illustrate the point, let us suppose some public question should arise; for example, if the rum interest, the saloons and the houses of assignation, the contributory means to the degradation of the social body, should be attacked from the pulpit. I think in this emergency we could not regard this as purely secular preaching: for the reason that it has a bearing on pure morals and eternal responsibility. The ideal Church and the ideal ministry should feel it its duty to proclaim aloud the general application of Christian principles to political governments. Plain, undeniable sin, such as flagrant and unjust acts or measures, conspicuously oppressive to the poor, are religious questions. Measures of this kind it would be the duty of God's ministers to fearlessly denounce. The office of protecting the poor and the weak against wrong is especially the duty of God's ministers, no matter what classes or corrupt corporations may say to the contrary. All that concerns right and justice in the family, in the relation of corporations to the State, all that concerns the well-being of the masses, are religious questions, and when they are obscured by the corruption of men, the ministers of the Church should have the courage to brave all censure and make men feel that when they think evil in their hearts and put their evil conceptions into practice, they should be denounced as a race of vipers. We are to be men's guides, and not to be guided according to their worldly standards. Ministers of religion, either through the flattery of words or the flattery of contributions, frequently forget their mission to humanity."

If as the present indications lead us to hope, there is a prospect of a considerable portion of the clergy awakening to a sensible realization of the enormity of the evils of the hour, and the duty they owe humanity to speak and spare not, the result of humanity's progress will be incalculable. If, however, the present movement in the metropolis subsides, and the pulpit relaxes into its old condition of moral torpidity, the church will continue to lose her influence over the masses.

ETHICAL

TRAINING

AT THE

FIRESIDE.

It is difficult to form an adequate conception of the amount of misery, disease, and crime which emphasize the short-comings of our present civilization, that is directly traceable to the careless, but unintentional neglect of parents, comparatively few of whom properly comprehend the infinite possibilities for good or evil, which tremble in the balance of those lives that through them have come to bless or curse the world, and which are day by day unfolding into fragrant flowers of moral, intellectual, and physical beauty, or stunted growths, dwarfed largely by their immediate surroundings, and in many instances transformed into objects at once revolting, poisonous, and repulsive.

It is not enough, as many parents imagine, to feed and clothe their offspring, and when they arrive at a proper age to place them in school. There is a duty quite as vital as ministering to their physical sustenance that devolves on the parent, though unrecognized by many, the duty of developing the moral nature. The indifference of parents in this respect is as unexplicable as it is disastrous to the individual and society. A child whose ethical training begins at the cradle, and is systematically impressed during early years by parents, who themselves in life emphasize the truths they enunciate, will rarely dishonor their name or prove other than a blessing to society. So serious is this problem, so intimate is its relation to the progress of humanity; so far-reaching and vital its influence, that no thoughtful student of human life can afford to ignore what our widening vision has demonstrated is not impractical or visionary. Much as the ancient Stoics impressed the loftiest ethics on the minds of the young who sought them, would I have the cardinal virtues impressed on the plastic mind of every child, varying the methods to suit the age, condition, and mentality of the child, beginning with object lessons, pictures and stories which illustrate important moral truths and lessons in virtue. All children love stories and pictures, and these in the hands of parents, who appreciate the solemn responsibilities of parenthood, can be made wonderfully effective. As the child grows older teach him to value above price truth, honor, and integrity. Repress all selfish tendencies. Make him dwell in the radiant and harmonious atmosphere of love. Above all, teach him toleration. Show him that all laws or religions that would persecute another for honest thought, emanate from other than a Divine source, are not beneficial, nor do they point upward. History is rich in striking illustrations which, told as stories, or in after years read to the children, will emphasize each important lesson to be taught. In this manner the moral perceptions will be quickened, and a broad ethical foundation will be laid that will go far toward insuring a noble life. A leading Roman prelate once said: "Give me the first ten years of a child's life and you may have him afterward." This thought is worthy the consideration of parents. Nor is it enough to impress virtue; vice must be painted in its true hideousness, pictured without the mask. Show the child the sting that is hidden from view; the end which is filled with bitterness. The wise parent will instruct his child fully, and make him thoroughly acquainted with the dangers that will beset him. He will clothe him with the armor of knowledge, while warning him of the fatal results of yielding even to evil thoughts. He will impress the great truth on his mind, which Christ insisted on, namely, that in the thought not the deed lay the first sin.

He will show him that he who harbors evil thoughts is fostering in his soul poisonous weeds and choking to death the flowers of spiritual growth. In this manner parents should teach their children almost from the cradle. Soul culture must be the key-note of the education of the future, both in home life and in schools, even as intellectual training has been the great end of the imperfect system which has so far fallen short of accomplishing the ideal of a true civilization. Not that intellectual, industrial, or physical training should be ignored; each has its proper place; but the pressing demand of civilization to-day calls for a radical change in our system,—a change which shall recognize the *moral* elements in man's being as paramount, in order to secure for mankind a reasonable measure of the blessings, which alone can spring from a society in which self is subordinate to unselfish impulses, in which the brotherhood of man is more than a vague dream, and where liberty, justice, and fraternity shall be the watchword of humanity.

